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THE
BOOKMAN

SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC

By Mary Austin

THE fruit of that critical examination of common things which goes by the name of scientific research, has presented itself in American life chiefly in the form of mechanical utility. The man in the street pushes a button or pulls a lever and develops a lively faith that all that is necessary triumphantly to surmount any human difficulty, is for the men in the laboratory to "get together and invent something". Such an attitude goes far toward clearing the path of pure science of oppositions set up by that greatest of all human deterrents, the fear of change. Under its rosy obscurations there has stolen on us the most menacing of all the implications of modern science.

In the United States there is an attitude of half amused expectancy toward the adventitious interests of science. We play with invisible forces, and contemplate adventures among the atoms or in astronomy, with the pleased intensity of a child diverted by the antics of its elders. We tell ourselves fairy tales of the creation, through science, of the perfect State. Then the dust of revolution dies down in Europe and shows us that we ourselves are woefully deficient in the capacity to work up the findings of science into social utilities at anything like the rate at which they are provided. We die of hunger and disease while knowledge of how to combat such evils accumulates on the researcher's hands, producing on the part of our intelligentsia a deep sense of check, mounting to despair, and among the masses great uneasiness. This predicament of the common man in relation to the learning of his age, is the most exigent in which he has yet found himself. Confronted with multiplying secret forces affecting his life, his health, and his place in society, compelled by instantaneous methods of communication to deal with the whole world at once, he must either achieve intellectual mastery of his environment, or submit to doing as somebody else tells him, to an ex-

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tent unapproached in the Dark Ages. It did not greatly affect the man in the street of the fifteenth century if he could not cope with his philosophers on the point of whether or not angels had stomachs, but it is a serious matter to him and his children in the twentieth century if he does not understand prophylaxis. But how can a man admit into his personal scheme of things that which is the intellectual possession of a few, and retain the semblance of democracy? Have we wrested the right to a personal scheme of things from church and state, only to turn it over to the high priests of the laboratory?

Clearly if modern man is to keep both science and self-government, he must develop a swift and continuous method of assimilating the one into the other. This is a business in which the schools cannot help him much. The very texts he labors at are nets to catch the wind of changing hypothesis. There is, in fact, but one continuing medium of communication: the whole complex of news sheets, magazines, and books, called the press.

Up to the years when the war locusts nibbled the green leaf of our complacency, most of the science in circulation in the popular press was sheer quackery. Or if some truth escaped it was usually as parasite to some cheaper satisfaction—sensationalism or the rooted love of legerdemain and magic making. It was to E. W. Scripps, whose life had been spent conning the average mind through the medium of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, that the necessity for rapid assimilation of scientific information as an aid to the rationalization of the common life, presented itself concretely. Scripps was at Miramar digesting the fruit of his experience with the small town press, when he began to see what he had already learned to think of as the very life fluid of democracy, roiled by the flood of passionate prejudice that went by the name of war propaganda. He saw the thought stream of the American people poisoned through dumpage in the press of intolerable rubbish from the international clean up. Characteristically, as a practical newspaper man, when the moralists were contorting themselves over the problem of what they could keep out of the press, Scripps thought of clarifying it by injecting into it pure science as a reagent. He thought first of science treated as news, and immediately he saw that it would also have to be philosophized to be generally assimilable. In the summer of 1919 the idea took shape as Science Service, planned to perform the same service for scientific research that the Associated Press performs for world happenings. The plan was heartily backed by organized science, and began about a year ago to function through a scientific news bulletin, and to take the measure of its larger possibilities throughout the whole scale of print.

Getting things into print, however, is not quite the same thing as getting them into the press. Print is a gesture that almost anybody may make. But matter that attains a vivifying circulation in the thought stream does so because of some indefinable quality of statement which has nothing to do with its authenticity or life sustaining values. Mr. Scripps's idea was to preserve democracy by making a more intelligent demos; but you cannot make people intelligent merely by the process of firing facts at them, even in the crackling, machine gun form of news. No sooner was Science Service launched than it developed a need for writers who can combine scientific

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facts with qualities rather vaguely called "literary" in forms that render them acceptable to selected audiences.

For this, something more is demanded than what is known as "popularization". To popularize any set of facts, it is only necessary to present them in some one of the generalized patterns already laid down in the common mind. It can be done as simply as by calling Luther Burbank a wizard, or by permitting it to be inferred that any particular scientific achievement has come out of the laboratory like the rabbit out of the conjurer's hat. It cannot be done, as many eminent scientists seem to believe, by reducing the statements of science to the terms of a high school textbook; nor is it sufficient, for the modern purpose, to broadcast scientific material in the form that is somewhat unfairly known as a "Chautauqua". What is known as the Chautauqua form was evolved to convey information without affecting the prevailing pattern of our thinking. But the whole idealistic push behind Science Service, is the realization of its founder and his backers, that what the times demand is a presentation of science to the average mind so as to produce adaptive alterations in the thought pattern itself.

II

What all this comes to is an admission that science, on its way to modify the common consciousness, must travel the path trodden out by the poet and the novelist. This will require, first of all, some unlimbering of the scientific attitude.

The necessity of science during its first fifty years to develop a trustworthy phraseology, has made a virtue of avoidance of the colorful path of literary statement. It is easier to find ten novelists who appreciate the scientific method than to find one scientist who realizes that for both poet and novelist there exists, within their selected field, precisely the same obligation of relating fact to truth. But novels and poetry are written for the average man, and the best science has heretofore always been written for scientists. Not that scientific writing necessarily lacks style. I have just been reading some reports of the Desert Laboratory in the field of botanical research*, about which there is a kinetic energy of speech as engaging as the parade of the Fire Department. But there is another reason besides the fact that the best science is ordinarily locked away from the common mind by technical terms, which makes it unlikely that the kind of scientific writing demanded by Science Service will ever be written by scientists.

What determines the rank of the science researcher is the uncolored virginity of his approach, free even from sympathy with his own hypothesis, ruthless toward any attempt to implicate his findings with their effect on a possible bystander. The moment he takes the bystander into account, or attempts to interpret discovery in terms of the average mind, he must abandon this fine inviolateness and shift his facts so that they are patterned around the lacunæ in the minds of his audience rather than by their intrinsic relation to discoverable truth. The scientist who does this once, successfully, will not be able to resist the temptation to do it again,

*Annual Report of the Director of the Department of Botanical Research. By D. T. MacDougal. Carnegie Institute, Washington.

Growth in Trees. By D. T. MacDougal. Carnegie Institute.

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and after the third time it will be left for his brother scientists to remark that the chilled steel edge of his mind never comes back to him.

In what are called the humanistic sciences — economics, social relations, and applied psychology — in which the terminology is largely derived from the common speech, it is possible to make more direct contact between reader and researcher. But in the exact sciences, particularly the newer physical sciences in which the vocabularies must be manufactured as required in the laboratory, what is needed is competent, authentic interpretation. Already we have a beginning in Edwin E. Slosson's "Creative Chemistry" (Macmillan) which successfully disputes favor with popular fiction, and James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" (Harper) in which the path is so easily and directly taken that the reader is scarcely aware of the stupendous tracts of learning traversed on the way to the goal. Books like these put the common man in possession of his scientific inheritance with due economy of effort and with all the affective quality of a good novel, since no reader can ever be quite the same man again. What was in his mind when he began will have suffered chemical combination with the contents of the book.

But before we can hope to have science made generally affective in the common mind in this fashion, we must have a new appreciation on the part of our universities, of literature as a way of life. In practically every one of them at present, writing is handled as a trade, a trick acquired chiefly by the sedulous aping of things already written, until the whole effulgence of native talent is dimmed by the surface application of writing rules. If the universities undertake to teach interpretative science writing as a process of acquiring a bag of scientific facts on one hand, and a bag of literary tricks on the other, and mixing them on a typewriter, the case of Mr. Scripps's more intelligent demos is already lost.

Literature is produced not by taking pains but by having them. The whole sum of objective material must pass into and out of the writer's consciousness and be chemically combined there until, touching the consciousness of the reader, it explodes and fires the mind. Without this explosion there is no alteration of the thought pattern, and reading science becomes a pastime about as invigorating as playing solitaire. Both the men whose books are mentioned as outstanding achievements in science interpretation, came at their material precisely as the novelist approaches his. Slosson was for years a chemist and a teacher of chemistry, and through Robinson's mind has marched the whole procession of human history. On the other hand, as an instance of the provincial — and accepted university — approach to writing as a performance, we have Louis Berman's book on "The Glands Regulating Personality" (Macmillan). In the early chapters, and throughout the book at intervals, the author neglects his business of telling us about the glands, and painstakingly and antically "writes", with the result that in spite of the interest of the subject, the book suffers a drag of at least a third of its length. In marked distinction to this, which suggests the lumbering, German approach, is E. L. Bouvier's "The Psychic Life of Insects" (Century), as limpid in style and simple in statement as French genius can make it.

Undoubtedly the shallow attachment which many Americans have for the

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English language, as well as the paucity of Greek among our educated minority, makes for sensationalism in such scientific writing as is usually called "popular". You will seldom find English scientific writers stopping to explain a technical term the roots of which are derived from classic tongues. Ideas, like moisture, seep down along the roots of the speech in which they are delivered, to take possession of the mind. But when the mind is unpenetrated by any such roots, it is necessary to blast the indurated surface with sensational phrases.

I am convinced that our journalistic habit of delivering scientific discovery in the news, in strepitous words and highly colored analogies, is an answer to a deeply felt need that such news be rendered poignant to the reader of it. The man in the street *feels* that such discoveries as Jacques Loeb has been making in origins of life, *ought* to be revolutionizing. Apparently the only way in which the impact of Loeb's facts on his consciousness can produce anything like the proportional reaction, is to have them stated in terms of the Ring-streaked Whatisit. But because the reporter so states them is no reason for Dr. Loeb's retiring permanently behind slammed doors of his laboratory. Science must in its own behalf deduce out of the common psychology a method of producing the necessary explosion in the reader's mind without distortion. Organized science must learn not only a new measure of respect for the literary statement of truth, but a new tolerance of the journalistic conviction that news is not necessarily true. What the journalist calls news is not mere impersonal statement, but the residue in the reader's mind, effected by the combination of journalistic statement and the reader's own incapacity for subtle discriminations. Regrettable as much of our journalistic handling of science is, it at least goes further toward breaking up the patterns of average thinking, preparing the mind by wonder for acceptance, than the old Chautauqua method of relining the ancient pockets of the mind with scraps of newer fact.

At any rate Science Service cannot come offering itself as a redemption from social futility without taking account, in the exact, untiring way of science, of the methods by which the minds of men are repolarized. Not only must there be the new appreciation of the literary statement, but certain clear distinctions between writing which aims merely at producing an effect, and writing which is affective. It will not be quite enough for science writing to get into print. It can do that by being pyrotechnic. What is required more than everything else, is that it be humanized.

This probably means that a new type of writer will have to be evolved, writers whose approach is purely literary but who are capable of immersing themselves in the data of science to the point of saturation. To such, the rewards of science writing may easily prove superior to the average literary career. A book like "Creative Chemistry" achieves the dimensions of a best seller without incurring any of its obliquity. To the interpreter who approaches his work with a realizing sense of its social and intellectual responsibilities, there is another return, achieved only by the great masters of fiction: the possibility of finding his value to himself augmented by his value to the community *in proportion to his integrity.*

Fudging is possible in science. Since the object of science is to find out how

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things are, all the endings of the scientific adventure are necessarily happy ones, the final note is always of victory. But with an organization like Science Service competently functioning, it ought to be impossible to make a trade of producing the scientific twin of the all-day-sucker type of fiction. To writers who, as they approach middle life, find the content of their experience and their passion for truth and service exceeding the demands of the popular magazines, science writing should appeal as a welcome relief. The test of capacity for this sort of work would be about the same as for successful short story writing, coupled with an intellectual integrity which does not always obtain among fictionists. That the interpreter will have to know his science as the novelist knows his characters, goes without saying, but the similarity of the methods should make the passage from one type of material to the other comparatively easy. If one had to make science interpreters on demand, it could probably be done by collecting fiction writers who had a taste for social regeneration, and had begun to be a little bored by the necessity for always hanging their conclusions about life and society on puppets of their own invention. All that would be necessary would be to inoculate them with the particular virus of chemistry, or biology, or physics, and show them a magazine contract. For science, now that it has swept up in its path the whole of man, his urges and aspirations as well as his materiality, is the only reality. The measure of any writer's value to Science Service would be the capacity of his mind to "spark" steadily in the thought stream of his time.

IN AUGUST

By Babette Deutsch

HEAT urges secret odors from the grass.
Blunting the edge of silence, crickets shrill.
Wings veer: inane needles of light, and pass.
Laced pools: the warm wood-shadows ebb and fill.
The wind is casual, loitering to crush
The sun upon his palate, and to draw
Pungence from pine, frank fragrances from brush,
Sucked up through thin grey boughs as through a straw.

Moss-green, fern-green and leaf and meadow-green
Are broken by the bare, bone-colored roads,
Less moved by stirring air than by unseen
Soft-footed ants and meditative toads.
Summer is passing, taking what she brings:
Green scents and sounds, and quick ephemeral wings.

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CONCERNING JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES"

By Arnold Bennett

THE fame of James Joyce was founded in this country mainly by H. G. Wells, whose praise of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" had very considerable influence upon the young. For although the severe young spend much time, seated upon the floor, in explaining to each other that H. G. Wells is and must be a back number, he can do almost what he likes with them. I read "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" under the hypnotic influence of H. G. Wells. Indeed he commanded me to read it and to admire it extremely. I did both. I said: "Yes, it is great stuff." But in the horrid inaccessible thickets of my mind I heard a voice saying: "On the whole the book has bored you." And on the whole it had; and with the efflux of time I began to announce this truth. There are scenes of genius in the novel; from end to end it shows a sense of style; but large portions of it are dull, pompous, absurd, confused, and undirected. The author had not quite decided what he was after, and even if he had decided he would not have known how to get it. He had resources, but could not use them. He bungled the affair, and then threw his chin up and defied anyone to assert that he had not done what he did in the way he did solely because he wanted to do precisely that thing in precisely that way. A post facto pose with which all creative artists, and some others, are experientially acquainted!

A year or two later one of the intellectual young exhibited to me a copy of "The Little Review", which monthly was then being mentioned in the best circles. I think this must have been in the period when even Middleton Murry was young. "The Little Review" contained an instalment of James Joyce's "Ulysses". I obediently glanced through the instalment and concluded that it was an affected triviality which must have been planned in what the French so delicately call a *châlet de nécessité*. I expressed this view and the intellectual young concurred therein; but I seemed to detect in the concurrence a note of mere politeness to the grey-haired. Hence, recalling the time when I laughed at Cézanne's pictures, I wondered whether there might not be something real in the pages after all.

And then the other day, opening "La Nouvelle Revue Française", I beheld blazing on its brow an article by Valéry Larbaud entitled "James Joyce". I was shaken. "La Nouvelle Revue Française" is in my opinion the finest literary periodical in the world. Valéry Larbaud is a critic whom it is impossible to ignore. He is neither old nor young. He is immensely experienced in imaginative literature and a novelist himself. He has taste. His knowledge of the English language and English literature is only less peculiar and profound than his knowledge of the French language and French literature. He is indeed a devil of a fellow. He probably

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knows more about Walter Savage Landor and Samuel Butler than anybody else on earth. He and Léon Paul Fargue are the only persons on earth who understand the verse of St. Léger Léger. He once amazed and delighted me by stating, quite on his own, that the most accomplished of all the younger British poets was Edith Sitwell: a true saying, though I said it before him. And here was Valéry Larbaud producing a long article on James Joyce, and "La Nouvelle Revue Française" giving it the place of honor! At this point, if I were A. B. Walkley I should interject that that *m'avait donné furieusement à penser*, and if I were Clive Bell, that that had made me exclaim (in French), *"Mon Dieu!"* What I did say was, "The deuce!"

Valéry Larbaud's article was, according to his wont, exhaustive. It contains a comprehensive account of James Joyce from the creation to the present day, and in particular a full analysis and final estimate of "Ulysses". And the conclusion of it is that "Ulysses" is a masterpiece, considered, shapely, and thoroughly achieved. I was left with no alternative but to read the thing. I saw the book at the house of a friend and I said: "You have just got to lend me this." She lent it to me. It looks like a quarto, but it is an octavo: over two inches thick; 730 pages, each of a superficies of seventy square inches; over half a million words; and so precariously *broché* that when you begin to read it in bed it at once disintegrates into leaves, largely sibylline. However, I read it. Perhaps some pages here and there I only inspected, but roughly speaking I did read it. And as I finished it I had the sensation of a general who has just put down an insurrection.

Much has been made of the fact that the author takes more than seven hundred big pages to describe the passage of less than twenty hours. But I see nothing very wonderful in this. Given sufficient time, paper, childish caprice, and obstinacy, one might easily write over seven thousand pages about twenty hours of life. A young French author once dreamed of a prose epic in many volumes, of which the first one was to be entirely devoted to the hero's journey in a cab from his home to the railway terminus. And why not? Certainly a book to a day need not be excessive. But it all depends on the day chosen. There is no clear proof that James Joyce chose for his theme any particular day. He is evidently of a sardonic temper, and I expect that he found malicious pleasure in picking up the first common day that came to hand. It happened to be nearly the dailiest day possible. (If he had thought of it he would have chosen a day on which the hero was confined to his bed with a *colique sèche*.) The uninstructed reader can perceive no form, no artistic plan, no "organization" (Henry James's excellent word) in the chosen day.

But the uninstructed reader is blind. According to Valéry Larbaud the day was very elaborately planned and organized. James Joyce loved the "Odyssey" in his youth, and the spirit of Homer presided over the shaping of the present work, which is alleged to be full of Homeric parallels. It may be so. Obviously Valéry Larbaud has discussed the work at length with the author. I should suspect the author of pulling Valéry Larbaud's leg, were it not that Larbaud has seen with his own eyes the author's drafts. They consist of notes of phrases meant to remind the author of complete phrases; the notes are crossed out by

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pencil marks of different colors; and the color indicates the particular episode into which the phrase has been inserted. This method of composing a novel recalls Walter Pater's celebrated mosaics of bits of paper each holding a preciosity. It is weird, but it does demonstrate that the author labored on an organized plan.

I therefore concede him a plan, successful or unsuccessful. And in doing so I must animadvert upon his damnable lack of manners. For he gives absolutely no help to the reader. He behaves like a salesman in an old-fashioned well established small West End shop, whose demeanor seems to say to you as you enter: "What! Here's another of 'em. I'll soon put him off. Now what in hell do *you* want, sir?" Nothing is easier than for an author to help his reader; to do so involves no sacrifice of principle, nor can it impair the value of the book. A writer writes not merely because he is interested, but also because he desires to interest. A sound book ought to be a fair compromise between author and reader. James Joyce, however, does not view the matter thus. He apparently thinks there is something truly artistic and high minded in playing the lout to the innocent and defenseless reader. As a fact, there isn't. In playing the lout there is something low minded and inartistic. "Ulysses" would have been a better book and a much better appreciated book, if the author had extended to his public the common courtesies of literature. After all, to comprehend "Ulysses" is not among the recognized learned professions, and nobody should give his entire existence to the job.

A more serious objection to the novel is its pervading difficult dulness. There is always a danger that short quotations may give a misleading and unfair impression of a work, or even of a chapter in a work; but I must risk the following extract, which I have conscientiously chosen as representative:

> Making for the museum gate with long windy strides he lifted his eyes. Handsome building. Sir Thomas Deane designed. Not following me?
>
> Didn't see me perhaps. Light in his eyes.
>
> The flutter of his breath came forth in short sighs. Quick. Cold statues: quiet there. Safe in a minute.
>
> No, he didn't see me. After two. Just at the gate.
>
> My heart!
>
> His eyes beating looked steadfastly at cream curves of stone. Sir Thomas Deane was the Greek architecture.
>
> Looking for something I.

Scores and hundreds of pages are filled with this kind of composition. Of course the author is trying to reproduce the thoughts of the personage, and his verbal method can be justified — does indeed richly justify itself here and there in the story. But upon the whole, though the reproduction is successful, the things reproduced appear too often to be trivial and perfectly futile in the narrative. I would not accuse him of what is absurdly called "photographic realism". But I would say that much of the book is more like an official shorthand writer's "note" than a novel. In some of his moods the author is resolved at any price not to select, not to make even the shortest leap from one point of interest to another. He has taken oath with himself to put it all down and be hanged to it. He would scorn the selective skill in such a masterpiece of narrative technique as "Esther Waters" (whose brilliance only experts can fully appreciate). He would probably defend himself and find disciples to defend him. But unless the experience of creative

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artists since the recorded beginning of art is quite worthless, James Joyce is quite wrong headed. Anyhow, with his wilfulness, he has made novel reading into a fair imitation of penal servitude. It is not as if his rendering of life was exhaustive, or had the slightest pretension to be exhaustive. The rendering is extremely and ostentatiously partial. The author seems to have no geographical sense, little sense of environment, no sense of the general kindness of human nature, and not much poetical sense. Worse than all, he has positively no sense of perspective. But my criticism of the artist in him goes deeper. His vision of the world and its inhabitants is mean, hostile, and uncharitable. He has a colossal "down" on humanity. Now Christ in his all-embracing charity might have written a supreme novel. Beelzebub could not.

Withal, James Joyce is a very astonishing phenomenon in letters. He is sometimes dazzlingly original. If he does not see life whole he sees it piercingly. His ingenuity is marvelous. He has wit. He has a prodigious humor. He is afraid of naught. And had heaven in its wisdom thought fit not to deprive him of that basic sagacity and that moral self-dominion which alone enable an artist to assemble and control and fully utilize his powers, he would have stood a chance of being one of the greatest novelists that ever lived.

The best portions of the novel (unfortunately they constitute only a fraction of the whole) are immortal. I single out the long orgiastic scene, and the long unspoken monologue of Mrs. Bloom which closes the book. The former will easily bear comparison with Rabelais at his fantastical finest; it leaves Petronius out of sight. It has plenary inspiration. It is the richest stuff, handled with a virtuosity to match the quality of the material. The latter (forty difficult pages, some twenty-five thousand words without any punctuation at all) might in its utterly convincing realism be an actual document, the magical record of inmost thoughts thought by a woman that existed. Talk about understanding "feminine psychology" . . . . I have never read anything to surpass it, and I doubt if I have ever read anything to equal it. My blame may have seemed extravagant, and my praise may seem extravagant; but that is how I feel about James Joyce.

It would be unfair to the public not to refer to the indecency of "Ulysses". The book is not pornographic, and can produce on nobody the effects of a pornographic book. But it is more indecent, obscene, scatological, and licentious than the majority of professedly pornographical books. James Joyce sticks at nothing, literally. He forbids himself no word. He says everything — everything. The code is smashed to bits. Many persons could not continue reading "Ulysses"; they would be obliged, by mere shock, to drop it. It is published in France, but not in French, and I imagine that if it had been published in French there would have been trouble about it even in Paris. It must cause reflection in the minds of all those of us who have hitherto held and preached that honest works of art ought to be exempt from police interference. Is the staggering indecency justified by results obtained? The great majority of Britons would say that nothing could justify it. For myself I think that in the main it is not justified by results obtained; but I must plainly add, at the risk of opprobrium, that in the finest passages it is in my opinion justified.

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THREE LYRICS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

BRAMBLES AND DUSK

TURN me to fagot, dusk,
To heap your fire!
Oh, pierce me through and through,
White daggers of the brier!

I may not keep you long;
Before I go,
Oh, fill me full of you;
I shall not miss you so!

WHITE FLAGS

NOW since they plucked them for your grave,
And left the garden bare
As a great house of candlelight,
Oh, nothing else so fair!

I knew before that they were white,
In April by a wall,
A dozen or more. That people died
I did not know at all.

LONELINESS

SUCH old, experienced things they look,
The hollyhocks, mauve, lemon, red,
As they had read in every book,
And theirs the last word to be said.

Back to the house I turn again;
The hearths are strange, the chairs apart,
Poignant with women and with men
That stare me to the very heart.

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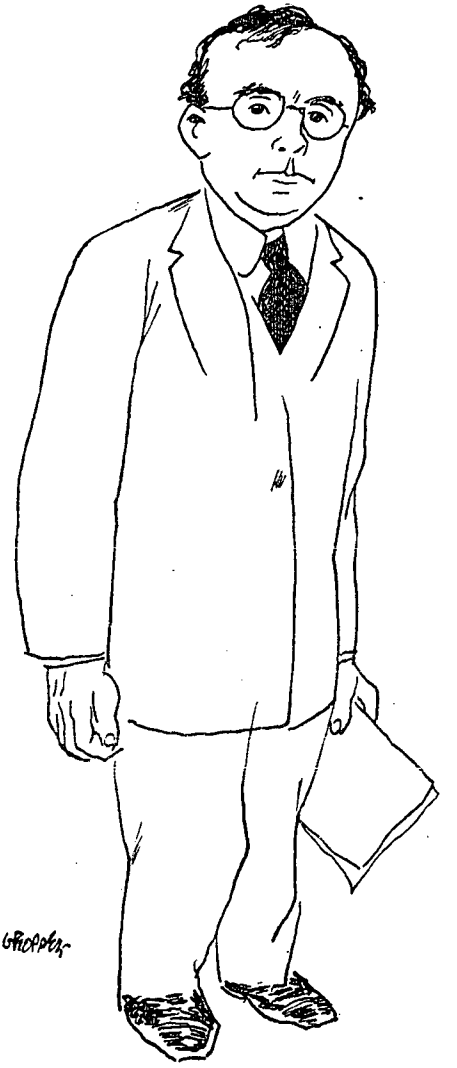

Sketched by William Gropper

Edgar Lee Masters

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XI: *EDGAR LEE MASTERS*

With a Caricature by William Gropper

EVERY now and then a tremor of apprehension invades literary Chicago. Edgar Lee Masters has been reported off the reservation. He is on the warpath, somewhere in the east, denying the existence of the Chicago literary school. Presently it is whispered that Masters is back within the corporate limits of Chicago or in Michigan where he does most of his writing; and the flutter subsides. Only the fact remains that Masters has had his fling, and has again asserted himself as the spirit that evermore denieth. For Masters that loose federation, the so called Chicago literary school, does not exist. Only Masters exists, a magnificent solitary, marooned in a desert of the arts. If Masters is aware of the feasts and gambols of the Society of Midland Authors, he watches them, like Crusoe, from concealment, shocked to the soul at the barbaric pastimes of these literary savages. He has never been enrolled in the centuries of the Bookfellows. He never sits in at journalistic lunches. In the encomiastic literature of the various groups the name of Masters gets no mention, nor does it appear in those eulogia which anoint the Chicago group as a whole. One of the most impressive things about Edgar Lee Masters is the fact that he has constituted himself the exception, the distinguished and outstanding exception, which proves the Chicago literary school.

Though Chicago finds it politic to be officially unaware of Masters, it will never go so far as to deny his existence. In fact few persons in that city are better known where reputation counts. Long before he made himself really felt as an author, Masters was recognized as an able and aggressive lawyer, with a flair for economic and humanitarian questions. His defense of the striking waitresses attracted considerable attention. His shrewd and pitiless cross examinations in conducting libel cases for a Chicago newspaper are still remembered. He dabbled to some extent in democratic politics. Such practical successes, however, were small satisfaction to a man who at an early age had been bitten by the writing bug. When Masters was at his busiest as a lawyer, he had already established quantity production as his literary sideline. He turned his hand to essays, plays, and poetry, but principally this last. A procession of little books of well wrought innocuous verse came from his pen without making any particular stir. Most of this early work was in the grand manner from which Masters's muse has made but one fortunate escape — an escapade as he at that time considered it. There can be little doubt that "Maximilian", a drama in blank verse, was much nearer to the author's heart than the "Spoon River Anthology". But by a curious irony "Spoon River", the nadir as it seemed

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of Masters's poetic flight, brought the zenith of his fame — and rightly. The genesis of "Spoon River", a literary freak of the first order, caused amazement at the time, which the author's subsequent work has not abated.

There are those who think that Masters would have gone on mixing law and letters indefinitely without making more than a local reputation, had it not been for his close friend, the late William Marion Reedy. "Bill" Reedy, as he was always affectionately known in Chicago and St. Louis, helped many a young author, doing thereby as much for letters in the middle west as any man to date; but his greatest coup, all things considered, was in bringing out Masters. The two were fast friends, and when Reedy was reported in Chicago his many admirers would look him up at "Lee" Masters's office. It was a great place to smoke and listen to real talk, racy often and with more from life than from books. "Bill" Reedy aside from his brilliant literary attainments, was a singularly vigorous full-blooded midwesterner with a fund of experience which few could match. Masters, though he lacks the human quality which clinched friends and even the merest acquaintances to Reedy, has in other ways much the same equipment. The peculiar service of Reedy to Masters seems to have been in showing him that the common life and knowledge of raw human nature which he had in abundance was the best sort of literary material.

Much of Masters's early work appeared in "Reedy's Mirror". This should not be regarded as a service of friendship, for the worst of Masters's loftier verse, undistinguished and reminiscent as it seems, is quite up to the run of common or garden verse, and "Reedy's Mirror", though it had a keen eye for the best, was sometimes obliged to print the best it could get — unless of course editor Reedy chose to write the whole magazine, as he now and then did, with very satisfactory results. Besides his literary fertility, another peculiar virtue of "Bill" Reedy as editor was his habit of studying and advising his contributors, as much for their sake as for his own. He seldom returned a manuscript without detailed comment of the sort that is most valuable to a writer.

Reedy had been advising Masters for some time before results became evident. He had impressed on him the value of realism. He induced Masters to read the "Greek Anthology", whose poignant brevities, as Masters has himself said, were most influential in determining the form of "Spoon River". Some time before the impulse came to publish, Masters had begun casting his Illinois material into epitaphs, encouraged to this flier in poetic realism, as Harriet Monroe asserts, by the appearance of Sandburg's first poems in the new "Poetry" magazine. The impetus to print these experiments, according to a close friend of Reedy and Masters, was supplied as follows. After some hesitation Reedy arrived at the conclusion that although Masters's regular verse had been good enough to print, it was not good enough to print indefinitely. He returned a batch of manuscript to Masters with the blunt comment that this was leading nowhere. The reaction, as the story goes, was the first numbers of "Spoon River" which Masters petulantly signed with a pseudonym, and fired into the "Mirror" office more or less as a joke. The joke proved intensely practical. The editor read "Hod Putt" and "Amanda Barker" and pronounced them real

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stuff; to confirm his own judgment Mr. Reedy sent the manuscript, along with a fourteen page letter of comment, to a well known Chicago journalist, who was equally impressed. Accordingly the assay office reported to the prospector in the field that this was pay dirt, a bonanza strike, and urged him to file on this claim and work it for all it was worth. Masters filed and dug. In a short time he had raced through the God's acre of Spoon River in which every headstone, as it developed, was to prove a milestone to the hall of fame. This, or something very like it, was the genesis of the most successful — and deservedly successful — book of poetry in the past three decades.

Even while "Spoon River" was appearing in the "Mirror" over the pen name of Lester Ford it attracted general attention, and the success of the book was instant and amazing. For once a book of verse went with all the éclat of a popular novel, and most valuable of all, it was in part a success of reprobation. This was the first blast of the new realism to a large part of the general public, and there are many good people in Chicago and elsewhere who still hold their noses at the mention of "Spoon River". Critical opinion was nearly unanimous that this was an original and permanent contribution, a verdict which time has not altered. The countless parodies and obvious imitations are the most conspicuous tribute to "Spoon River", but not nearly so important as the profound influence it has undoubtedly exerted on the younger novelists.

In this way Masters had the conventional though not too common experience of waking up to find himself famous. It is likely, however, that he was less surprised than most people to whom such happy dawns have come. He had never lacked confidence in himself. His subsequent work displays in part a stubborn confidence that his earlier vein had not received due consideration. To Masters's credit be it said that he has not, like so many sudden successes, resorted to imitation of his lucky strike. The books of poetry published since "Spoon River" have been medleys, in part revivals of his early grandeurs, in part experiments of many sorts. There are poems romantic and biblical, tirades, catalogues, and psychopathic sketches. Masters has made a number of attempts to use scientific material in poetry, with results that give the impression of an undigested technical vocabulary. Then there is the amorphous "Domesday Book", a kind of modern "Ring and the Book". As poetry this, to put it mildly, is a work of more magnitude than magnetism but it made an excellent bridge to the pure prose that Masters is now writing. His two novels "Mitch Miller" and "Children of the Market Place" reflect Masters's intense interest in Illinois history, a field in which he is well fitted to do valuable work.

Curiously enough, the one spontaneous literary sensation Masters has scored since "Spoon River" was again in the "Mirror" and again by pseudonym. Shortly before the death of William Marion Reedy there began to appear in the "Mirror" a series of remarkable sonnets, signed by the arresting name of Elmer Chubb. Suggesting, as it did, an elderly cherub, the name suited the sentiments to perfection. The language of the sonnets was Miltonic, the content the essence of Puritanism. Fulsome praise of William Jennings Bryan, adoration of the Anti-Saloon League magi, and anathema on a

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lewd generation were the prevailing themes. One of the most overpowering dwelt in mild Maryolatry upon the perfections of Mary Garden, concluding with a pious wish that she might be shielded from the temptations of her artistic career. The manner was perfect, and it was not overdone. The "Mirror" public, a comparatively small but discriminating one, was completely imposed on and the editor was deluged with letters and telegrams for information on that egregious ass Elmer Chubb. Masters kept up the joke for some time, even going so far as to have Chubb letter heads printed for replies to indignant correspondents, but of course the truth leaked out.

The Chubb sonnets have a peculiar interest as showing the humorous side of Masters better than anything in his acknowledged work. The humor, to be sure, is elephantine but it is there, the savage twinkle of a rogue elephant. The simile of a rogue elephant seems to suit Masters, not only in these ponderous gambols, but throughout his career. He has that aversion to other successful authors which Joe Hergesheimer pronounces distinctive of a first-class man. He has run amock among his fellow poets, lampooning some of them, yea! even Amy Lowell, publicly, and planting drastic opinions on others where they would do the most harm. Certainly it is no vulgar inflation over sudden success that tends to make Masters more and more a solitary. It is rather what one who knows him well has pronounced an "ingrowing lugubriousness", again a quality of the rogue elephant. This is the black pessimism which has marked most of his work since "Spoon River". Masters despairs of the race and of the Volsteaded nation. In revolt against the herd, he despises even his prospective audience, and is continually in contempt of the court of critical opinion. Probably this explains a peculiar platform experience related of Masters. According to the story, he was sent by a lecture bureau in Chicago down to Kansas City to address the woman's club there. His speech seems to have been ponderous, dogmatic, pontifical. All the ladies understood about what they were getting, was that they didn't like it; and for once the worm turned. The club notified the bureau that they must refuse payment.

Chicago has not known Masters well of late, but it grudges no artist his privacy. It admires his great and permanent achievement. It feels him as an imminent presence out of whose pregnant frown some new portent may flash at any moment. As for his occasional aspersions on the city, some verses borrowed from Keith Preston, the pert poetaster of the "Daily News" book page, may express the general attitude:

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Edgar Lee Masters doesn't like Chi;
Furthermore he tells us the why!
Firstly he finds we are drying as drinkers:
Second he thinks we are trying as thinkers.
Edgar Lee Masters doesn't like Chi.
What'll we do? Lie down and die?

Never, no, never! Edgar would laugh,
Write us a helluvan epitaph.
Read the Anthology, brothers and shiver!
Shall we be dumb as the dead of Spoon River?
Lo, those poor hicks that lay under the asters!
Living at least we annoy Mr. Masters.

Live and let live is the motto of the so called Chicago literary school.

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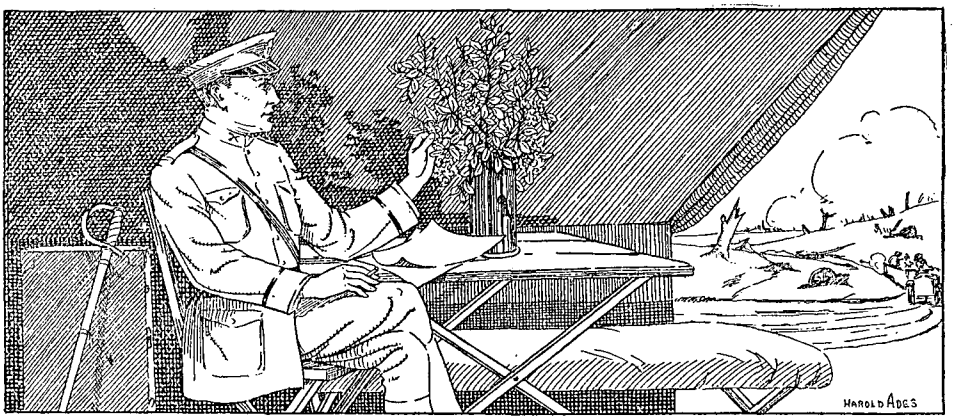

"He plucked at the threaded flowers"

RESURRECTION

By John Peale Bishop

With Sketches by Harold Ades

ARCHER sat in his tent where the air was a shadow cast by stained canvas walls. A mist of tobacco, blue as evening, drifted from his fingers. His mind, restive with idleness, fidgeted with objects like the hands of a sick child: a cross-legged wooden cot padded with olive blankets, a painted locker trunk, a chair of unplaned wood, a makeshift table holding an empty, brazen shell crammed with branches of dark fragrant green.

He crushed out the fire of his cigarette and tossed it to the ground. The burnished shell had a sombre glint of green where the dark leaves shadowed it, the green linden leaves and the dangling greenish white clusters, spreading heavily over the rounded brass. He plucked at the threaded flowers, cloying the air with a sweetish smell, dusting his hands with sulphur-pale pollen. And the smell brought back to him a scene out of his childhood in Maryland: a frail, white boy of ten lying between cool sheets on a sunlit bed, begging his mother to bring him an armful of linden, green leaves and the heavy sweet bloom. He remembered the silvery dark trunks of the linden trees which had stood in a curved line on the drive to the house, the shaded road and the white stones at the border. How strange it was that this boy of a forgotten May twelve years ago, delicate, with inquisitive grey eyes and hair blond as linden pollen, should be sitting here on this alien field, under Montfaucon, a first lieutenant of infantry in command of a company of American soldiers, guarding a half thousand German prisoners of war. He had thought of many things for that boy,

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but never, for all the absurdity of his imaginings, of this plain over which the autumn before his own countrymen had fought so long and so hard, over which spring now wandered like a vagabond, in green raggedness, more desolate than autumn.

A week had passed since he had come here, hot, without rain. Always it seemed, the sky hung over this difficult land an arid blue, heavy with heat, cloudless. Each morning the German prisoners marched out in a long unwieldy column, with a tithe of guards, to repair the roads broken by shell fire. After them, as soon as the roads were made passable, came the trucks, to tear open the ground and recover the scattered slain, to collect these isolated blanketed dead, box them, and carry them to the slopes of Romagne. There they would be reinterred, ranked again in precise lines, with identical white crosses set above them, stained with a name or nameless. Twice daily the trucks went out from the town of Romagne, Negro workmen and white non-coms perched on their sides. Twice each day, at noon and late in the afternoon, they passed Archer's camp, lumbering heavily, leaving on the air a slow defunctive odor, the unmistakable, unforgetable odor of human decay.

Idle and unutterably lonely, he almost wished that Bleeker were here, Bleeker his second lieutenant whom he had come to hate with all the hatred of exacerbated nerves. Bleeker would come in presently, two days late from his leave in Paris, twisting a grin under that absurdly long nose of his. "Lootnant", he would say, "I know I'm overstayed, but I just naturally couldn't get away from the mademoiselles." He would let his musette bag slide to the ground by drooping one shoulder. . . . . Yet it would be a relief of a sort to have Bleeker here again.

A shadow darkened the sun-stained flap of the tent, and Archer tossed the fragrant twig on the littered table.

"Come in!" he shouted.

A soldier drew back the loose flaps and bending came into the tent.

"Lieutenant, sir, there's a Q. M. lieutenant here from Romagne says you sent for him to take up this grave out'n the stockade."

The soldier was a bulky Georgian who spoke in a plaintive drawl. The cheeks puffed under his pale eyes were glazed with red; his hair was the rainy yellow of hayricks exposed to the wetness of autumn. Always ill at ease with officers, he stooped uncomfortably under the sloping tent to keep his distance.

"All right, Waters, tell the sergeant I'll be right there."

"Yessir." The soldier backed out of the tent. Archer followed him.

Outside in the dusty sunlight stood a truck obstructing the roadway, chortling under its long heavy body. Beneath the driver's hood a Negro sprawled, his loose forearms hanging over the wheel. Two Negro soldiers clothed in blue denim leaped from the board of the truck, dragging after them picks and spades and coils of wire. They moved slowly, grudgingly, like tame crows from their food.

Across the road the tents of the Americans marched in motionless precision, a double file of ochreous-brown pyramids. To their left, still bordering the road, was the stockade, a platoon of canvas pyramids, rigidly ranked, enclosed by a high fence of weathered posts and the steely glint of barbed wire. From each post arms bent inward hanging a curtain of wire. The sky was a monotonous haze of dull blue thinning whitely toward the sun.

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Archer entered the stockade. At the entrance a palish boy presented arms, turning on him the wistful eyes of a tired child. Across the stockade following the interminable strands of rain-bright wire, another sentry, with drooping head and sagging bayoneted rifle, paced drowsily. Before the first tent, the prisoner sergeant major, a small wiry Prussian clad in rusty green, crouched over a wicker basket in which he had imprisoned a magpie. At Archer's approach, he stiffened tautly and clashed his brodequins, his reddish mustaches protruding bushily toward his unseeing eyes, the varnished visor of his cap making a black crescent of light as he moved. Archer saw that a small group of Americans had collected about the grave. The white cruciform stake was down; a pine box, newly planed and lidless, the length of a man, lay at one side. Over the grave with feet wide apart stood an officer impatient for the Negroes to begin.

"Hullo, lieutenant. I got your notice, but this is the first chance I've had to get here. We're pretty busy up here at Romagne now — running 'em in at the rate of three hundred a day now. All right you men, le's go."

He was an unkempt little man, who, when he talked, jerked his head like a bird, and the wax-like blue film on his eyes made them like a bird's eyes.

Sullenly the Negroes began to dig. The starveling sod, rusty with sorrel, gaped under the strokes of the pick and spat out pebbles and thick clots of clay. The point of the pick overturned clumps of grass, the clinging earth threaded with tiny filaments, white as nerves. The first Negro tore the sod from the grave and stood back leaning on his pick handle, turning his humid brown eyes and stained eyeballs on his companion, who took his place on the grave shoveling away the loose pebbles and grass, laying bare a level of naked clay.

The Negroes worked alternately, rhythmically, as though to the unheard sound of an obscene savage incantation, marking time with the dull thud of the pick and the steely scraping of the spade against stone. The air, heavy with heat, brought slow drops of sweat from the black, dusted foreheads of the Negroes. Sullenly, half timorously, they deepened the pit, grunting as they dug.

The soldiers had at first watched in silence, but it was not in their nature to be long awed by anything, and presently they began to bicker among themselves. . . .

"They could take me out an' shoot me 'fore I'd touch one of them goddam stiffs."

"The hell you would too. You'd do what you're told in this army." Archer recognized the voice of the company clerk above the blur of words.

"Well, you c'n let me chase prisoners, corp."

"Say, lieutenant," a sergeant drawled. "Yuh don't hafta put your hans on 'em do yuh?"

The officer looked up, and Archer noticed that his belt sagged below the waist and that his puttees were dull and clogged with clay.

"Sure. I go through their pockets and everything — you've got rubber gloves on. At first feeling around for their identification tags gets you a little, but you soon get so's you don't mind any of it."

"Yuh don't hafta feel for they tags, do yuh?"

"You gotta find out if you've got the right man, haven't you? Lots of 'em don't have the same name on their crosses. But we've got pretty nearly all of 'em right now I guess."

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"There ain't nothin' to it." It was the company clerk again, a swarthy youth of twenty with black eyes set wide apart like a Mongolian's and a nose that looked as though it had been broken in childhood. "My father's an undertaker. He's got the largest undertakin' establishment in Tipville, Indiana, and when I was a kid he always wanted me to be an undertaker too. So one night he shut me in a room with a dead corpse and locked the door and kept me there all night so's I wouldn't be afraid no more."

The officer hovered at the edge of the pit, looking, with his crooked nose and blue-filmed eyes, like a chicken, like an old cock molting his dusty and bedraggled plumage. He took the pick from one of the Negroes and dug vigorously for a minute.

"There, that's more like it. Up this way a little. We'll have him out before you know it."

Maladroitly, stubbornly, the Negro placed himself in the shallow pit to dig again. Already this cleft in the earth was two feet deep and these men were buried, each close to the spot where he had been killed, with only so much earth as would cover their putrescence. Archer dreaded the moment when the first flesh would be exposed.

The earth in the hole became cooler and more moist. The Negroes no longer dared thrust their heavy feet into the pit, but leaned from the edge, digging slowly and cautiously, pecking at the earth with the steel point, scraping the earth away as soon as it was loosened. Something damp and woolly appeared — a moldy patch of blanket. The officer took the pick and straddling the pit deepened the sides, deftly loosening the remaining earth. An equivocal mass, bundled in olive drab wool, bulked under the sticky clay. Once where the pit had torn the rotted blanket, it crumbled and pushed out a lichen-green grit.

"Now give me the wire — we'll drag this one out by the shoulders."

Archer turned away, looking out over that hard arid plain to which the freshness and green of May could bring no relief, nor the sun which elsewhere gilded the earth, any color. The uneven ground was still after a winter of rain littered with the refuse of battle, knapsacks, pack carriers, bits of clothing, shoes, rifles — everything that could be thrown away in the hurry and despair of fight. Pitted, broken by depressions, the greenish drab soil dragged slowly toward the hills at the sky's edge, the once contented hills rounded with thickets, their slopes open and fox-red where six months before hollow shelters had been scooped out by bayonets. In the dizzy blue distance, overtopping the nearer trees, shone the heights of the Argonne ragged with gay green forests. Over them the sky drew thin streamers of hazy white.

Then he thought: "This is too soft. I'm a damn weak-wad if I can't stand looking at it." And he walked back, keeping close to the barbed wire.

The soldiers were silent and constrained. The Negroes crouched sullenly, blue denim figures bent at the side of the grave, the sweat curdling the dust on their idle black hands. The officer, one foot thrust forward, the other crooked under his weight, tugged at the wire, which held under its lower loops an amorphous mass, caught beneath the armpits. Archer saw first a knitted sweater, still intact but soppy from the putrefaction beneath it. A clayey brown rag was over the face. The taut wire pulled again, sharply; something broke near the throat and a greenish blue substance, like a fowl's ordure, crumbled over the sweater.

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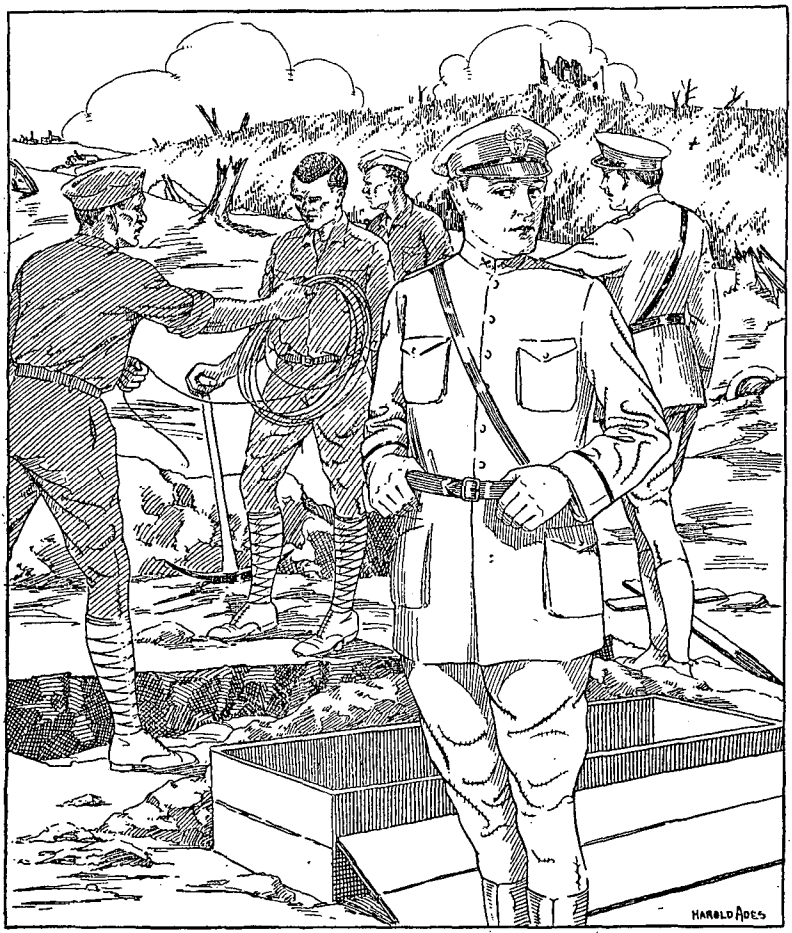

"Archer turned away"

"What the hell! Give me that pick."

An arm was embedded in the earth at one side. The pick tore into the soft flesh and the aperture showed a blasphemous pink; something was left behind in the hard clay. The cadaver began to lift itself from the grave. The jointless head fell back, thickening the greenish ooze on the neck; the uneven arms spread out with each jerk of the wire, hunching their slimy sleeves. In the space where the thighs divide a glinting puddle of muck had seeped through the breeches cloth. The legs trailed woodenly.

The cadaver bent backward over the brink of the pit and dragged heavily on the ground.

"There! he didn't come so badly at that. A lot better'n some of 'em. Now roll him over on the blanket."

The Negroes pushed the lifeless man over the sod and turned his bulk face up on a clean blanket. The officer began palping the dead flesh, searching for the metal disc at the neck.

Disgust clutched at Archer's sides. It was horrible that this putrescent thing sprawling on the ground should have been a few months before a boy,

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fine with youth, warm and strong. He had thought of death in battle as something clean and swift in its anguish. He had thought it a desirable thing that life should go out violently when the blood was at its full and the body unspent. He had never dreaded death, only manglement and disease and the slow dissolution of time. But here the body was not utterly dead; it had acquired a new life in its very putrefaction. It would go on for a long time yet, still younger than the earth in which it was hidden, not utterly dead as the dust and stones are dead.

He stared down into the violated pit. The clay looked mildewed. Black flies were dangled in the air. Hands were fumbling at a green discolored throat. Wires were wheeling in circles of steel with tiny prickles of light. His stomach was turning with the wires. His eyes were being jabbed by the steel barbs. That was why he was so hot. He must get away . . . to his tent . . . it was cool there with linden boughs and shadowy and sweet.

He walked back to the road, dragging a shadow not cast by the sun. The rumbling of trucks bumping all day long over the roads, with jangling chains and strident gears, trailing the same pervasive odor of decay; the blanketed mass he had just seen, with its poor upturned face, had broken down within him some last wall of resisting flesh. Even the air seemed to belong to the dead, and this plain, lying as it did midway between the Argonne hills and the Meuse, had, perhaps because he was an American, become to him the centre of all the rotting desolation which filled the world.

On one side of the road, rising behind his own tent, was a green slope, topped with thickets, where the spring renewed itself remorselessly. And on one side was that desolate plain where so many of the young had died. He stared at the desiccated grass and the dun weeds, the earth pocked and fever skinned, made sterile by long pain. His squeamishness gave way to pity, pity for himself and the others. After all, it would have been better, he thought, better than this, to go in the carnage and assault of war — not to feel the pain of desire any more, to have the rain run through his body as once the blood had run, to have his bones grow old under earth, not to be, or to be only as those others were, to share the dark, vindictive life of the earth, and not to know.

Someone was talking in his tent; Bleeker must have come back. He felt at that moment too utterly exposed to bear the level look of Bleeker's indecent eyes, and stood, nerveless and cold, outside the tent, turning his face toward the blue, brutal glare of noon. The Negroes returned to the truck, carrying picks and spades. The smoke from the mess shack thickened darkly against the sun; under their shed the cooks moved between the tables and the fires like ruddy shadows. After all he was but a man among others. Lifting the flap he went into the tent.

Bleeker was standing in the centre of the tent, his cap set jauntily on one side, talking to his orderly.

"Hello lootnant! I'm back at last, and boy, I want to tell you I've drunk so much champagne in the last five days, I'm just naturally breathin' bubbles."

Archer sat down on his cot. The orderly left the tent.

"I was all set to come back night 'fore last, and then I thought I'll just go down to the Olympia and have one more look at the mademoiselles 'fore I came back. Well I was standin'

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there at the bar downstairs, with my foot cocked on the rail. And there was one of these tousled blondes sittin' on one of those high stools, you know, and I was kiddin' her along — she wasn't a bit bad — she didn't have no stockin's on, just bare legs the whole way, and high heel slippers — when in comes my old captain out of the Thirty-eighth, with two of the best lookin' janes you ever saw. And, boy, I was lost right there. I just said, 'Goodby, Montfaucon!' I just couldn't get away till this mornin'."

"It's all right. There wasn't much of anything to do."

"I didn't think there would be, and anyhow this was somethin' too good to pass up.

"You don't have to check out no more with the M. P.'s. You know how they used to be in Paris. But I was kinda skittish, so I eased down to the station this mornin' 'bout five o'clock. And the first thing I saw when I got there was an M. P. I kept one eye slanted on him and started beatin' it for the train, when up he comes, and salutes just as nice as you please, and says, 'Can I show the lootnant where to get his ticket?' and 'Where's the lootnant goin'?' and 'That's your track, sir.' Boy, you could've knocked me down with a feather. By the way, I got some good cognac here — five star stuff. How 'bout a drink before mess?"

"Well . . . yes, give me a drink."

Archer tipped the bottle to his mouth, scraping his throat with the raw liquor, warming and comforting his stomach.

Bleeker slung his musette bag over his shoulder. "I think I'll take a look in at my tent, and dump this junk before mess," he said. "Take another drink."

Archer stared for a moment at the young officer in front of him with his hard assertive air and the voice that seemed to start from too far down in his throat. It did not much matter that he had come back.

"Here's yesterday's paper, if you want to see it." Bleeker turned and, stooping, went out of the tent.

Archer picked up the paper, the Paris edition of an American journal. Fashionable people were arriving at fashionable hotels, dining in company, being entertained by Napoleonic princesses. The Peace Conference had met in the Hall of Mirrors in the Palace of Versailles. The German emissary had, with characteristic arrogance, remained standing while addressing the elderly and elegant Allied politicians. There had been a loud outcry. The Y.M.C.A. was holding boxing bouts at the Palais de Glace, to provide the American soldiers on leave with wholesome and moral amusement.

Staring distractedly at the obscure print, he thought of all these impotent fastidious people in Paris who, whatever they touched of civilized thought and grace, left it inane; he saw that they represented a desolation no less complete than the abrupt height of Montfaucon, and the hillside under it pitted with open graves, empty now as tombs of the resurrection. For the rest there was Bleeker, with thick reddish skin and hard mouth, standing with legs apart loosening a bawdy tale. And he hated Bleeker.

He flung himself on the canvas cot and lay there with arms distended, his face rubbing against the soiled pillow, his thoughts wheeling confusedly as bubbles in an uneven stream. He resented fiercely being held here, trapped and held in this charnel place, away from the dizzy green and gay abandon of cities, the sidewalks fragrant and rustling with silk. What wild joy it

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would be but to stretch his legs under the tables in painted cafés, and to drink, to drink long.

Anywhere would be better than here, where the water was tainted and the soil dead, and even the air came unclean. In Paris whatever was left of life ran at the full. The sunlight came to the streets strained through a green net of leaves, and the night would be filled with lights and amorous voices, and women were there who could be bought for a night and forgotten in the morning. Nothing was left but the fine vigor of his body, still young, and beginning to stir with heat from the liquor he had drunk. He lay on his cot stretched with resentment and sultry desires until aflame through his whole length with youth and loneliness.

Bleeker thrust his ruddy face between the flaps of the tent.

"What t'hell's the matter, lootnant! Mess is ready, let's go. I'm as hungry as a hound dog. I didn't have nothin' this morning but some bread and coffee. And last night was a hard night too, I'm tellin' you."

"All right. I'm not very hungry, but I guess there's nothing else to do." Then he said, "I might go to Paris myself if I can get a leave through."

Outside, he stooped for a moment to twist and fasten the loose ribbon of his spiral puttee. Bleeker glanced across the road.

"You've had that grave taken up out of the stockade, I see," he said; "haven't you?"

"Yes," said Archer. "They came for him this morning." And straightening his body he felt the sun warm on his face and hands, and the light of May burnished his uncovered hair.

THE GRASS

By Charles Hanson Towne

SOMETIMES when I have suffered, I have dipped
Into this great green gospel opened wide,
And read the tale that no one has denied —
That God is good. With honey life has dripped
When I the ancient knowledge drank and sipped,
Finding new meanings on the page's side,
Fresh wonder where the sweet inscriptions glide
Through the illuminated manuscript.

Enchanting story! How the record runs
Through the vast world upon each scented page,
With marginal designs and glossaries,
Footnotes and flowery borders, and the sun's
Eternal illustration! Youth and Age
Alike can read such magic words as these.

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

VI: MARKETING AND PUBLISHING PLAYS

In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested. The department for this month appears on page 653.*

NEW YORK, *July,* 1922.

MARKETING the manuscript of a play is quite a different job from marketing the manuscript of a work of fiction. In the first place, book publishers encourage all writers to submit manuscripts, and assure them that their work will receive careful attention. We have seen in other articles of this series how book publishers employ a staff for the very purpose of reading solicited and unsolicited manuscripts. Theatrical producers do not encourage all and sundry to submit plays. In fact a number of producers refuse positively to look at an unsolicited play manuscript. Most play producers apparently have a pretty good idea of just what they want. Instead of searching through a mass of solicited and unsolicited material with the hope of finding something for their purpose, they are likely to order what they want from the playwright who they believe can supply it.

"There is a greater demand for plays today than ever before," declared one manager the other day; and a play broker said: "The managers, every one, are eager for good plays." In spite of this, the managers undoubtedly make it hard for the unknown playwright to have his play read. A director recently was heard to say that it is no unusual thing for unsolicited manuscripts to knock around the average manager's office for months without receiving the slightest attention. The story goes that Sardou's first produced play, "The Students' Tavern", received its reading because the manager of the Odéon, on leaving the theatre with the leading actress, happened to turn over the heap of plays waiting reading in his office. The actress got a glimpse of Sardou's neat, clear handwriting and it attracted her attention immediately. She picked up the manuscript and read it.

One reason why managers hesitate to encourage the sending in of plays, is their desire to avoid lawsuits. An inexperienced writer will submit a manuscript to a certain manager. Some months later he will receive his manuscript back with a rejection slip. Three or four years later he will see a play produced by this same manager. The play will have a theme, or a scene, something similar to the play the writer submitted and had rejected. He jumps to the conclusion that the manager stole his play during the months in which he was supposed to be considering it. The writer then proceeds to take the matter to court.

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Of course, there have been times when managers have actually stolen plots in this manner. But such a thing rarely happens today, certainly never in a reputable theatrical manager's office. Yet it is surprising to learn of the number of lawsuits that are still brought against managers by unknown writers who have submitted unsolicited play manuscripts. Every writer of plays should remember that in order to prove that a manager has taken his plot, he must prove that the manager has actually read the play.

What are the various methods of submitting play manuscripts? First: direct to managers. The only way to submit a play to a manager would seem to be to obtain an introduction to one. It should be a real, honest-to-goodness introduction from someone who knows the manager personally. The author should tell the manager his story, who he is, what he has done, what his play is about, why he believes this manager above all others will be interested in the play, and so on. And then ask him whether or not he would care to read the play. If the manager says yes, it is highly probable that he will read it himself, although he may turn it over to one of his professional readers first. If he says no, he will probably tell the author quite frankly why he is not interested. One finds that the theatrical managers and producers are more frank with their authors than are editors and publishers.

Or, the author may write to a manager and tell him about himself, the nature of his play, how he happened to write it, why he believes it will appeal to the manager, and ask if he may submit it. The author should be sure to state the theme of his play, the number of acts and *scenes*, the size of the cast, and the length of time it requires for acting.

To send in to a manager the manuscript of a play unsolicited is a rather hopeless proceeding.

Play brokers manage their business in very much the same way as literary agents manage their business. The play broker keeps in close touch with the various managers and their plans. The beginner should be warned, however, against dishonest play brokers.

Plays may be submitted to leading actors in the same manner as they are submitted to managers — at a personal meeting following a written request. But the playwright should be convinced that his play is particularly well suited for the actor to whom he offers it. He should be familiar with the plays in which the actor has appeared, and he should have seen and studied the actor's technique. An excellent example of the kind of letter not to write an actor when submitting a play follows. It was written by a young woman who had spent several years of work with a correspondence school course for playwrights. The play was her first finished production. She wrote:

> I have never been outside of Blanktown and as we have no theatre here I have never witnessed a professional play. However, I know I have the dramatic sense and a creative imagination, and I believe my past two years of study has brought me up to the point where I am capable of turning out acceptable material. Of course, I have never seen you act and I am not sure that my play, "Steeple Johnnie", is just the kind of thing you do; but I am sure you will read the play and then perhaps recommend it to someone you know to be looking for this sort of thing.

If one is not accustomed to see professional productions in the theatre the chances very greatly are that he will never write successful plays. Unless, of course, he is a genius. In

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theatrical circles it is everywhere agreed that it is necessary for one to have some first-class knowledge of the theatre in order to write a real play. Although, it might be mentioned, there is a tendency not to place extreme emphasis upon the idea of technique. One of the best established play brokers in New York holds that every successful play recently produced here has broken at least three of the recognized rules of technique.

A fourth way in which plays are submitted is to amateur organizations and professional guilds, such as the Theatre Guild, the Inter-Theatre Arts, the Provincetown Players, and other such bodies. One is required to be a member of some of these organizations in order to submit his plays to them.

A procedure not uncommonly employed is for the author with no foothold in the professional theatre to produce his play himself. This is a method very uncertain of wider results. However, if you have a play and do not know what to do with it, being unable, for one reason or another, to place it through one of the four methods mentioned, the course is open to you to organize an amateur company of your own to give a performance of the play in your own or a nearby city. Your city or town may already have a dramatic club, in which case it would be well for you to ask this organization to present the play. The newspaper reviews of the production may then be sent out to various managers and actors with a letter asking them if they would care to read the play manuscript.

The trouble with this method as a plan for carrying a play to the established theatre is that the local newspapers are, as a rule, far too effusive in praising amateur productions and local "playwrights". Their comments are apt to be so exceedingly eulogistic that they won't mean anything to a manager or an experienced actor.

Before submitting a play manuscript the author should have some idea of the situation with which a manager is confronted. In the first place, the producer must invest a sum ranging anywhere from $10,000 upward in each play that he presents. As much as $25,000 would not misstate the amount frequently invested. The manager must feel reasonably sure, therefore, that the plays he accepts are worth, in box office receipts, at least $10,000 a week.

These figures make an interesting comparison with the expenses of book publishing. A book publisher can finance a book on from $500 to $1,000; if from three to five thousand people buy a book, the book will just about pay for itself. But it is not unreasonable to suppose that more than fifteen thousand people must buy tickets for a play before the producer recovers his original investment.

The cost of putting on a play today has greatly increased. Royalties, one gathers, have decreased in the past four years; but wages in connection with the theatre are in some cases double those of five years ago, transportation charges for scenery, etc., are almost prohibitive. Add to these matters a consideration of the salaries of the actors and actresses, the cost of the scenery, costumes, and properties, the advertising, rent of the theatre, etc., etc., and one can come near to appreciating the risk of play producing. A play that demands elaborate scenery, costumes, and stage effects, has practically no chance of acceptance today unless it has been ordered for some particular theatre like the Hippodrome or for some par-

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ticular purpose. Even the Hippodrome productions are far less elaborate than they were four years ago.

Another thing to be considered in contemplating the career of a playwright, is the number of plays produced. Aside from all the short stories, novelettes, and novels that are printed in the magazines and newspapers, between six and ten thousand books are published in a single year in the United States. The total number of plays produced in New York City in a single year is not over two hundred and fifty. Perhaps in all of the United States four or five hundred plays are produced in a year; certainly not more.

In one of Mr. Tarkington's recently published stories a young playwright comes to feel that everyone connected with the production of his play has had more of a hand in its authorship than he had. It is of course true that managers, in their eagerness to get just the things they consider right, will often accept a play and then pay out considerable sums of money to have it edited and put into shape. An observation sometimes heard is that no "first plays" are produced exactly as they were written. A play may be edited and changed before it goes into rehearsals. Whether or not this happens, it will in all likelihood be changed in many respects during rehearsal. Excisions, additions, interpolations are made by the manager, the stage director, by the stars, and sometimes at the suggestion of the other actors. Experienced playwrights are sometimes called in to help whip a first play into shape. When a play by an experienced writer goes into rehearsals the changes are usually made by the author, although in many instances at the suggestion of the manager, director, or star.

Plays should never be sold outright. They are usually produced on a royalty basis, the author receiving a cash bonus as advance royalty when the manuscript is accepted. He then receives a percentage of the gross box office receipts. This percentage varies in accordance with the reputation of the playwright and the amount of capital at the disposal of the producer.

The producer, when he accepts the manuscript, agrees to present the play before a certain date, say within six months after the contract is signed. If the manager fails to produce the play by the date specified, the author regains control of all rights to the play. This is an important part of the contract. Many good plays have been bought by managers simply to keep them out of the hands of rival managers and they have never been produced. Also, the producer agrees to run the play for a certain period each year after the first performance. If he fails to do this, the agreement may be considered at an end and the rights to the play are returned to the author.

The author's royalty may be anywhere from two to ten per cent of the gross receipts during the play's run. The author should insist upon a percentage of the *gross* receipts and *not* of the net receipts. A fair royalty would be five per cent of the first $5,000 receipts and ten per cent of anything over that amount. The English rights to a play by an American playwright were contracted for the other day on the following royalty basis:

5 % of the first $5,000 gross receipts
7½% of the next $1,000 gross receipts
10 % of all over $6,000 gross receipts

One other way of getting a play before the public and attracting the attention of producers to it, is by

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having it published. The attitude of book publishers today toward plays we'll come to presently. Some magazines publish a one act play in every issue. The play manuscript is submitted to magazine editors and book publishers in the regular manner, described in other articles of this series. If it is accepted and published, play producers and managers may see some notices of it which entice them to get a copy of the play and read it. Free copies may be sent by the author to managers and actors who he thinks might be interested in the play. "He Who Gets Slapped" was published in "The Dial". In this way it was brought to the attention of the Theatre Guild.

Some plays, known as "closet dramas", are written expressly for magazine and book publication. Sir Adolphus William Ward said of these "literary plays": "Though the term literary drama is sometimes used of works kept apart from the stage, it is in truth a misnomer, since, properly speaking, no drama is such until it is acted." If you want your play produced write it to be acted and not simply to be published. That is the "word" of the manager, the actor, and the play broker. A drama to be a drama must be acted. Another suggestion: if your plays cannot be acted, don't write plays; try stories. Unactable plays, now and then, have been found to make excellent stories.

A tale is current of a play which the author could get no manager interested in, while it was in the form of a play manuscript. He recast his material in the form of a story, and had it accepted by a magazine. Here its dramatic possibilities enlisted the attention of a theatrical producer. The story was rewritten for the stage, and as a play attained notable success.

Authors seeking to publish plays in book form should note, by an examination of the lists of various publishing houses, that some publishers, a few, are much more interested in volumes of this character than are the others. Those, naturally, are the ones first to be approached.

The attitude at present of book publishers toward plays, as expressed by several of those most concerned with the matter, seems to be this: closet plays are not any longer wanted; if a play is not written to be produced the author has little chance of seeing it published. Generally publishers do not want full length plays — plays occupying an evening — unless they are by authors already well established. And such authors not infrequently, as in the cases of Galsworthy and Barrie, have become established through works in other fields.

After a play has had a successful stage production — run at least two months — the author may offer it to a publisher with a reasonable chance of acceptance. In a few cases plays of highly exceptional literary merit, like "Swords" and "The Detour", have been accepted by publishers though they have failed on the stage; but such instances are extremely rare. One of the best ways for an author who has not arrived in the metropolitan theatres to get a hearing with a publisher, is for him to have his plays mimeographed and produced locally in one or two Little Theatres before submitting them. His press clippings may help the confidence of the publisher. "The only test for plays is the theatre. If a play doesn't work in the theatre it won't work elsewhere."

Authors who submit to publishers full length plays should generally not make them more than a hundred pages

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in length. "Macbeth" is but ninety-eight pages, in a classroom edition. Pageants are very seldom wanted by a publisher. They are usually issued by their authors in mimeograph, frequently through the publishing branch of the Y.M.C.A. The best field for published plays is the one act play. Two or three publishing houses make a feature of issuing them separately, one play at a time. Most one act plays, however, especially those by new authors, are issued in volumes usually of half a dozen, though the number may vary from three to eight or ten. They are also, of course, issued in anthologies, in volumes containing sometimes as many as fifty plays. Much latitude in taste and subject may be found in such plays, but as more than four hundred schools and colleges are producing them, the "clean play" stands by far the better chance of publication.

Indisputably, some very fine one act plays of a symbolic type have recently been issued, but their central themes, nevertheless, have been intensely emotional and human. Publishers assert that about the most hopeless material that comes in under the name of plays is the shapeless things that their authors call symbolic plays. They may have plenty of symbolism, it is remarked, but no human interest; and a play without human interest is — well, not usually regarded with enthusiasm in editorial offices.

Book publishers quite support theatrical managers and producers in the opinion that unless a writer is familiar with the stage he had better not attempt to write plays at all. Not because the writer is hedged about by stiff formalities, but because he is considerably limited by the mechanical possibilities of the stage, especially of an amateur stage.

As in writing any kind of literature, the editorial authorities again assert, the first essential for the embarking playwright is a study of the best examples. And, if possible, a contraction of the habit of visiting a drama bookshop is strongly recommended.

MURRAY HILL

ROSES

By Gamaliel Bradford

GOD made roses. Who made you,
With your purple vesture?
Scorn my flowers and me too
With so great a gesture!

Some day I shall have forgot
Where your dust reposes,
Shall believe your spent heart not
Worth a bunch of roses.

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LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

To Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter) and to Mr. Shorter

Edited by Michael Earls, S. J.

DEAR MR. SHORTER[1]:

Excuse the apparition of me, sudden as that of the "Crowned Child, with a tree", in "Macbeth". For of course I come with a petition: with a plot cunningly laid whereby you may do me one more favour. I am sending you two books of verse; fresh original verse you will say it is. If you like it, I wonder if you might let the author look at you? He is in London, in care of Elkin Mathews, Vigo St., Piccadilly, and only for a short time. He is Bliss Carman, an old colleague and great friend of mine, a dear gentle fellow, an admirable critic and student, as well as a poet. He got aboard the "Cephalonia", last Saturday, in such a rush, that I had no time to give him letters. Will you, provided you can spare the hour and the patience from your thousand concerns, waive the formality of an introduction and write him on the strength of my recommending him to you? It would give him, I know, great pride and pleasure. He is a queer faun to look at, and not American, in our sense of the word; Canadian, argal, English. Long ago, he was entered at Merton; and got horribly homesick and broke away. And he has been, ever since, as then, shy, abstracted, silent, outwardly. But he has fire and activity; they are in the "Vagabondia" lyrics, and they are in him, too.[2] All our young guild of letters, over here, look up to him and to his cousin, C. G. D. Roberts, as to the best voices and spirits we have. I need not add how deeply grateful I shall be to you, for any passing courtesy you may show him. He has been an "editor-man", and a good one, though not in the fashion of Napoleonic you!

Dora has told me of the happy time in wild Kerry. She is my joy and comfort, helping me along with my edition of Mangan, which Mr. Lane said yesterday he hoped to take back with him to The Bodley Head. But not a twig on it has budded into proof, as yet. There is but one Dora! You and I are in great harmony on that subject, are we not?

1 As editor of "The Sphere", and as one in close touch with the literary markets of England, Mr. Shorter was unfailing in his loyal devotion to the genius of Louise Imogen Guiney. His encouragement upon literary prospects is a thing marked with culture and tact: it is an incident reminiscent of Wilfrid Meynell's assistance to Francis Thompson. And with a cordiality akin to his former services, Mr. Shorter has allowed this portion of the Sigerson-Shorter letters to be used for the benefit of the Guiney heirs—the entire payment having been made over to Miss Guiney's executor, to whom also is reserved the book copyright.

2 Dedicating "Patrins", her exquisite volume of essays, to Bliss Carman, October 19, 1896, Miss Guiney writes: "Well, these wild dry whims are *patrins* dropped down in the open for our tribe; but particularly for you. They will greet you as you lazily come up, and mean: Fare on, and good luck love you to the end! . . . and you will read, in between and all along, a record of pleasant lonely paths never very far from your own, biggest of Romanys! in the thought-country of our common youth."

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I have turned my page only to bid you goodbye; but not before I thank you for Mrs. Hinkson's beautiful handicraft in "The Sketch", so kindly devoted at your request, to me and my Works and Pomps. Everyone admired it for a model of its kind: it was like a French silhouette. "I forgive"—you, or her?—"all the praise." Best wishes to you ever.

Faithfully yours,

LOUISE I. GUINEY.

Auburndale, Massachusetts.
23rd *April*, 1896.

YOU VERY NICEST OF ALL POSSIBLE DORAS, AND GIRL O' MY HEART:

I kiss your boots. Nothing less will express my amazed and abashed sense of gratitude when I found you had put yourself and "a cousin" (bless her) into pound, and painfully copied out every word of the inaccessible Maurice Leyne on Mangan. (Dear, dear! If ever you want a lost book of Lion or the great seal of James II, or the Philosopher's stone, pray command me: I am your man.) I was delighted, as I need not say, with your script, and more, with the long-suffering friendliness of the scribe; but I never would have dreamed of setting before you such a drudgery! No, not in the name of all the neglected poets who flourished since Jehoshaphat his reign. Thanks "stick in throat". Leyne's is a very beautiful article, saying much in little, and saying new things temperately. His "way", apart from the rather superfluous prelude, reminds me of Mr. O'Leary's. Certainly, nothing half so good (so "right", as Ruskin would have us say), has been written about Mangan. One phrase puzzles me; for he speaks of "Cahal Mor" (meaning, of course, "The Vision of Connaught" in the Thirteenth Century), as a translation. O daughter of Eirionnach! Consider that I know nothing of the language of polite society before the Flood; and by the bowels of your final charity; ask himself if that be so. I think not, I think not, in any sense at all; yet who am I to have a think on that ground? As for "The Green and Serene", I gape like a young robin, and as yet go anhungered. If I might but cast an eye thereupon, you might e'en tell him he shall sometime pin me by the knees and ankles with a golden skewer, and cast me into a Dutch Canal! for I shall have had my day. And now no more Manganese for ever from me, lest you wish I had never been born to edit it, or to implore aid of angels like D. S. The book will be out in the autumn.

Ah, D. S.! I shall never hear from you again, this side of girlhood[3]: and may the Lord have mercy on your Soul. If Mrs. Shorter invites me to love her, I won't answer for my behavior: I shall probably be under her feet as of old, and with her in spirit, all our lives long.

Heaven bless your grace with health and happy days.

I am glad you chose our good Independence Day. I shall hold it as a solemn joy-festival, not for the Republic this time, but for you.

Mother's love, and mine, to all your house: love that will keep.

Yours always and altogether,

L. I. G.

3rd *June*, 1896.

DEAR MR. SHORTER:

Dora says she doesn't see why she shouldn't draw a Mangan of her own. Nor do I, considering 1st, that she

3 Dora's marriage, July 4.

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draws "like an angel", as is attested, among other things, by the head enclosed in my last Dublin letter; and 2ndly, that no one living, probably, can divine better exactly what C. M. looked like. Moreover, this document is my affidavit that if Dora's Mangan ever attain concreteness, and if Dora be willing, said Mangan, and none other, shall go into my English edition next autumn (by grace of Mr. John Lane), as frontpiece; though I am pledged to use George Washington's own effigy for the book in America. Also as I am in a state of perfervid gratitude to Dora, for various reasons, and as Dora is a norfle busy young person "situate between Newgate and Tyburn", here will I end with my love and blessing and vow ever to be

Hers Everlastingly,

HER [*Here Miss Guiney inserted the sketch of a face with glasses.*] MARK.

June 11th, 1896.
Auburndale, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

DEAR MR. SHORTER:

Learning your address, as I did, yesterday, gives me the chance, long-desired, of writing to congratulate you: which I hereby do, with all my heart. And as Dora's husband, you must, willy nilly, be dear to me! All blessing go with you both, and happiness ever strengthening. Ah, that's a precious girl. —

Sweet as (Irish) air could make her, she:

and I think nobody knows it so well as you. I owe you for several courteous gifts, and have to thank you for extracting from an English camera so pictorial a rendering of our old B. C.'s Pan-like head. It delights all his friends here. I wish I might send a new "Ballad on a Wedding". But my poor intelligentials are not bivalve: the mood for bread-earning, once with difficulty imposed, excludes the mood for letters, which is the aboriginal, and, I hope, immortal one, to recur sometime yet, like Arethusa's stream from underground. Meanwhile, I think festal thoughts, and dedicate them to you and Dora.

Believe me ever

Yours very faithfully,
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Auburndale, Massachusetts,
11th *July*, 1896.

DEAR MR. SHORTER:

At last I have a verse to send you: I pray devoutly that you may like it, and not find it too, too long! It is the only purely descriptive bit I ever wrote. I do not know whether to sign it or not, and will ask you to judge for me. I never sent, until this year, anything to English magazines except a prose paper to "Macmillan's" and another to "East and West". You see both are dead; so accepting my *stuff-post hoc, propter hoc!* — must have killed them. But I left both papers unsigned; and the two verses confided lately to Mr. Meynell are signed by my initials only. But please do exactly as you think best in the matter, if you print "The Squall".

I always have something to thank you for! This time it is the "Pictorial", with your excellent effigy, and Dora's. I have the best mind in the world to ask you to make *me* a wedding gift: both your photographs, to boot. They would be "rapturously received". Are there not a couple left over in cubby-holes and odd corners of your new home? Dora in that black gown

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is somewhat enchanting! (You see I have seen yet another London paper; but long after the "Pictorial".) My pious intention is to write soon to Mrs. Clement Shorter. Meanwhile I salute the lady, and beg to remain, with many acknowledgments,

Faithfully yours,
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Auburndale (Boston), Massachusetts, U. S. A.
August 14th, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. SHORTER:

For the last six weeks I have been very ill, and but narrowly escaped meningitis and Total Extinction. What mind I had was in eclipse, or I should never have forgotten to return the Vaughans, as I certainly (in commonest decency!), intended. I hope it will go half-way towards securing me pardon, that I am by no means habitually heedless of my manners literary! So pray absolve me. The books shall follow in the morning's post. You don't know how sorry I am: but I really couldn't see my way to that review. Our Vaughan, Miss Morgan's and mine, will not be out till next winter, as I had to abandon it so abruptly. I am only just wobbling about, and convalescing as well as one can who is choked with indignation at the very thought of having been a-bed an entire April. Miss Morgan, of Brecon, by the way, is as like as not, on my responsibility, to call upon you and Dora in July. She is a great admirer of your books. I believe you will like her much, if you see her. She is the most intelligent and accurate of antiquaries, and is full of appreciation for the best literature. I suppose you may know her name as that of Lady Henry Somerset's friend and ally in many philanthropic movements.

My Mangan book got caught in the binders, and long hung fire; but it is announced for this week, and I trust Mr. John Lane will be prompt in firing a copy at Dora's bonnie head, with much more love from its editor than can readily be expressed My essays, too, are on the point of publication[4], and are dedicated to Bliss Carman, to redeem a friendly threat some eight years old. I thought that by so doing I had tied his hands, as a reviewer; but lo, I hear that he dares to praise his own property in the forthcoming BOOKMAN. Good fortune to your Byron! Tell Dora —

> I remember her with love,
> Tho' always cold, tho' never mine!

Bless her.

Your very grateful and faithful
LOUISE I. GUINEY.

Auburndale, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
May 9th, 1897.

DEAR MR. SHORTER:

Rosina Vokes, in her sunny heyday, used to sing something like

> No matter wot you do,
> If yer 'eart be true!
> And 'is 'eart *was* true to Pole.

Which is an allegory germane to this occasion: for I want you to absolve me generally and give me a free rein, before I go on to say that my 'eart is all right towards you, now that I have a small plot against your peace. A brilliant and peculiar fellow, about nine-and-twenty, in whom I have great faith (though I'll tell you privately that I have more faith in him than affection for him), is going to London this month. He is Gelett Burgess, a New Englander by race and birth but

4 "Patrins".

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associated with California, where he and my dear Bruce Porter brought out a quaint, fascinating, "geniusy" little magazine called "The Lark". It had quite a wonderful *succès d'estime;* and they maintained it at its own fresh odd level for two years, when, as a master-stroke of wit, they killed it, and left the more æsthetic U. S. A. lamenting. Burgess has since published a thoroughly charming book, called "Vivette" (as good in its way as the "New Arabian Nights", and dedicated, by the way, to Mrs. R. L. Stevenson), which is based upon a series of light sketches in "The Lark". Now I'm not going to ask you to be good to him, and to consider me, thereupon, your everlasting debtor. But I am going to give him a letter to you, when he sails on the 14th; not "strange Countries to see" at all but plainly and boldly to seek out his literary fortunes, after the old, old fashion in London. What I beg you to do is to look the young man over, and see whether you have any mortal use for him. He has some unique qualities, which it seems to me, would tell in English journalism. But I abdicate my judgment, in the matter, to yours. You know! And since I know you do, the results, in any case, will be intelligent.

Pray tell Dora that I greatly like her "Lone of Soul" in THE BOOKMAN. I shall write her before long. A month ago it almost seemed as if I might put to sea. But now alas, no dear thing is farther than "Fleet Street, sir".

Love, and all luck, to you both!

LOUISE I. GUINEY.

Auburndale, Boston, Mass.
7th *May*, 1898.

DEAR MR. SHORTER:

It is with entire pleasure that I send you the books; and it delighted me to have you ask for them. "The White Sail"[5] was closely preceded by a worthless little first volume, long out of print; but the other two comprise all my Unpoetical Works up to date, save the things which are going to press next October or November. You see the whole output is rather scant, to cover a space of some thirteen years. The English book (and I don't think Mr. Grant Richards is sure that he will do it, although he asked for it!) is to be called "England and Yesterday", after Stevenson's fine phrase; it contains a few numbers out of "A Roadside Harp", which is not to be re-issued as a whole at present. But the next collection of (American) verses, "The Martyrs' Idyl", I shall surely send you or Dora, as well as see that you get the other. The "England and Yesterday" is purely local, you know. And here endeth an egotistical page. — As for your generous offer to "do something for me", I shall snap you up! For I was actually on the point of asking you, of your charity, to get me a certain "Chronicle" of unknown date: but somewhere between that of Mr. Gladstone's death, and June 24th. I am curious to have that poem on a Borning and Dying Infant (this is the title in a laconic form!) which is said to have been printed in 1836 and which, I believe, figures entire, in the "Chronicle" columns. I got hold of some extracts from it, which struck me as truly poetical; and it has been a marvel to me, 1st, that Mr. Gladstone should have written it; for with all his wonderful qualities, and even with his Horace in evidence, he did not seem to me to have the "Spark": 2ndly, it is doubly marvellous that any person

5 Poems, published in 1887.

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able to express himself so charmingly in an irregular lyric measure, should not have been an inveterate poet, and nothing else! So do gratify my decent curiosity. You didn't tell me whether you lacked a copy of the little Doxey "Omar" of San Francisco: a Hilling edition, and pretty. I should like to get it for you. Here is an announcement of yet another. And a Boston friend who is a very clever editor, Mr. Nathan Haskell-Dole, is actually at work on three "Omar" books: one of them includes, by permission, the translation into Latin of the "Rhubaiyat" (see that "h": I must have been thinking of my favorite rhubarb tarts!), which was made by somebody at Oxford long ago, and never since reprinted. You'll have to get out an injunction against all these scribes. Perhaps Persian powder might drive 'em away. I heard, indirectly, how good you have been to Mr. Burgess. Tell Dora I love her yet, though I never hear from her half often enough. No England for me, that I know of: but my thoughts are much with all my dear friends there.

I write from a wild seacoast place, where we hope to remain until late in the autumn. There is a yacht-race going on in the great stretches of water beyond. I love yacht-racing, and consider it superior, say, to bull-fights; but our darling climate has driven me indoors. It can scarcely be hotter at Santiago, where our poor troops are keeping the Fourth in their unforgettable way. You "effete monarchists" are so nice to us, that you must allow me to dip my colours today, as I sign myself

Yours faithfully,
LOUISE I. GUINEY.

Five Islands, Sagadahoc County, Maine.
July 4th, 1898.

LONELY SONG

By Hilda Conkling

BEND low, blue sky,
Touch my forehead:
You look cool . . . bend down . . .

Flow about me in your blueness and coolness,
Be thistledown, be flowers,
Be all the songs I have not yet sung.

Laugh at me, sky!
Put a cap of cloud on my head . . .
Blow it off with your blue winds;
Give me a feeling of your laughter
Beyond cloud and wind!
I need to have you laugh at me
As though you liked me a little.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

A white reed,
A wild duck with a weary air,
A red sun that glows but warms not —
I am very sad.

IN this charming fragment we have, in a few deft strokes, all the melancholy beauty of a sunset over a weir. Simply yet vividly the picture is brought before us. In the first line we have the scene of the poem. The white reed makes us see at once blurred willows and dark water with a thin spear of white standing out in startling contrast. In the next line we get a sense of the remote and poignant picture which has moved the poet to song. One wild duck — not a flock of wild ducks — suggests the loneliness of the beautiful evening. The phrase "with a weary air" conjures up an empty sky and a tired bird seeking a resting place after a day's hard flying. Then "a red sun that glows but warms not"! What more do we need to see the flushed sky, the rich beauty of the dying sunset? And in the final line we have, in four words, the response of the poet to it all. It might be said that pages of description, pages of soul searching, are here clarified and crystallized in four chaste verses. That might be said, but it would be a lie. The poem quoted is not one of those immortal bits struck off by the Prince Regent of Japan. We did it ourself in about two minutes and a half, and we do not consider ourself a rapid typist.

Neither do we consider ourself a poet. It would be utterly impossible for us to turn out a sonnet on that theme, but we would undertake to turn out jargon of this kind by the hour. If we may be unhampered by form, if we may take as the sole measure of our work the emotional intensity with which we conceive it, we may easily claim that our emotion was very intense and that we have therefore written a great poem. That is, if we dispense with form, if the artist is permitted to transcribe the rough scrawls from his notebook to the page or to the canvas, there is no way to check him up.

"Expressionism" is a delightfully vague term, and a great many more or less earnest young people insist that they are working in it. The apparent ease with which expressionism may be imitated is demoralizing; the genuine artists who have taken it up are outnumbered twenty to one by the incompetent or lazy. And the unfortunate part is that, as yet, it is not always easy to distinguish the true from the false. As a matter of fact expressionism is not — as some of its practitioners seem to think — an absence of technique; it is a new and a very difficult technique. The very lack of restraint implies even greater gifts in the artist. If work done in this manner is genuine it does all that the old technique can do, and more. A few pioneers have been strong enough

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ALLAN POLLOCK
He has a new way of using his hands and feet, but after you get used to it he is as amusing a corespondent as one would care to meet.

to cast aside the old forms and make their own way; but they are exceptions. Frightful crimes have been committed in the name of expressionism, by persons of inferior talents. In discussing tragedy and the unhappy ending in general William Archer once said, "Be sure you are an Ibsen before you kill your Hedda." It seems to apply here.

Eventually of course standards in the new form of dramatic writing — if it is really new — will become as exacting as those which condition the old. Expressionism will gradually provide its own examples of excellence by which the false may be measured. But we, in this country, have not had many such examples. One is inclined to hazard that most of the specimens we have had are not expressionism at all, but futile and even dishonest imitations of it. Naturally the general theatregoer is suspicious of it, and even definitely antagonistic toward it. It is easy to understand, therefore, why the Theatre Guild at first presented Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight" gingerly at special performances open only to their members.

The reaction, even of this unusually sympathetic audience, was interesting. During the first part of the play those in the theatre seemed merely curious; and the novelty of the form was obviously distracting. Indeed the first scene, in the bank, is likely to impress one as being made up of hasty jottings. A fat man on a bench, chuckling. A beautiful lady trying to cash a letter of credit. A serving maid with a basket, strangely out of place in a bank. The fat man on the bench chuckles. The cashier, behind his gleaming bars, is like a machine; he does not speak. It is the kind of thing we have all seen done imperfectly, and which we have therefore resented. But as Kaiser does it, there is no resentment. The brief, jerky episodes do create a definite and very vivid composite picture. Presently one realizes that the disconnected odds and ends are not distracting, but curiously bracing. They clarify and stimulate the imagination, whereas in the hands of a less competent playwright they would merely confuse it. What we see here, on the stage, has been condensed — by the exercise of a most rigorous technique — from masses of literal and orderly events. They are not merely haphazard bits. They seem to be symbols, but symbols chosen with great care. Even when definite narration enters in the scene does not seem literal. When the cashier sends the office boy and the porter for a glass of water and stuffs thousands of bank notes into his pocket, there is the implication that it is all symbolism. It is not a story, it is a parable. A manikin typifying the meek of the earth is acquiring what he has always desired — wealth. The effect in the theatre is what one would expect. The audience observes it with interest, but without

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emotion. It is as though the playwright had curtly outlined the nature of a mathematical problem which he proposed to solve.

But the second scene is shot through with passion. Here it becomes clear, even to the most sluggish, what the playwright is doing. He is seizing the great moments which his theme might yield if developed in full and condensing them into brief and significant terms. The cashier, breathless and fearfully nervous, bursts into the apartment of the beautiful lady who had tried to cash the letter of credit in the bank. He is infatuated with her, and with no preliminaries he begs her to put on her hat and come away with him. She is nonplused; but the scene is not ridiculous. The playwright — being sure of his technique rather than independent of it — is able to convince his audience that it is authentic, save for the time element. And time he has taken the liberty of ignoring. He has gone without ceremony straight to the heart of all that could ever happen between the cashier and the beautiful lady. The moments of crisis and passion which their story might contain — whether it went on for months or years — have been distilled out, and only the essence is offered in the play. That process, very roughly, is the one on which expressionism rests; and it is not surprising that so many fledgling playwrights make a frightful botch of it.

As Kaiser develops his remarkable play the plan he follows is quite as arbitrary as any Scribe or Pinero ever followed. We next find the cashier in a field deep in snow; and here the whole play is brought into sudden focus. The cashier invites the powers of life to come and trade with him. He has money; he can pay. "What have you to offer?" he cries. "I'll open my breast to fate! All comers are welcome!" All that he is to know of life and death, the impotent craving of his lifetime, are to be compressed into this one mad day, from morn to midnight.

He goes to a bicycle race and in the fevered competition he finds life concentrated: man struggling for mastery over his fellows. He offers unheard of prizes for the racers, and as the stands rise to new frenzies of excitement he sways and cries with them, his spirit on fire. Then at the crest of it all a hush falls. Royalty has appeared. The tinsel splendor of a puppet has brought to naught this gorgeous moment. Disillusioned the cashier revokes his offer and sets out again upon his quest.

In a cabaret when the waiter asks him what he wants to eat, he cries, "Pinnacles! Pinnacles!" Pinnacles indeed are what he is after. Madder music, stronger wine. But the beauty here turns out to be false. He leaves, embittered with disappointment, and goes to a Salvation Army hall. Here his spirit rises again; at last he thinks he has found the supreme truth. It is through repentance and suffering

WILL ROGERS
Mr. Rogers is a great artist in his line; which is a pretty deep wheeze that gets funnier the more you think about it.

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that man finds his soul. Money can buy nothing worth having. And he showers the penitents with his stolen bank notes that they may trample them in the dust. There is a stampede for the notes; in a moment the hall is deserted. He shoots himself when the Salvation Army girl, to whom he turns at last, gives him up to the police so that she may collect the reward offered for him.

The play as staged by the Theatre Guild is a tremendously moving production. Its appeal is not easy to define. The sensation it arouses is distinctly a novel one. One is forced by the playwright, even in the maddest moments, to think as well as feel. That may account, in a measure, for its odd force. It does represent a new form. It is not a patchwork of old and new; but is technically pure. It conveys over the footlights emotions which could perhaps be expressed by no other technique.

"Makers of Light" by Frederic Lansing Day, produced by the Neighborhood Playhouse, reveals quite impressively both the virtues and the vices of the Harvard Workshop from which it emanated. It is the almost perfect flower of the conditions which prevail there. In some respects it is one of the finest plays produced in New York this season; in other respects it is painfully amateurish, lamentably unsuitable for production in the theatre. Its virtues lie in the fidelity with which it is written, the entire lack of self-consciousness with which the author allowed his story to take shape. Its weaknesses arise from the fact that the author — possibly because of this same honesty — did not succeed in giving his story the objective values which it should have if it is to prevail before a general audience. The play is really addressed to the special and homogeneous sort of audience which one finds, say, in Neighborhood Playhouses — or in the 47 Workshop at Harvard.

The significant thing is that Professor Baker's reputation rests on the illusion that he is privy to the secret of how to write plays that will sell. That is not true. Baker knows practically nothing about the professional theatre, and the little he does know merely serves to deepen his distrust of it. He does not try to develop plays that will sell. He tries to develop plays like "Makers of Light". He deliberately steers his charges away from the professional theatre; he seeks to instil un-self-consciousness; to lull his disciples into intellectual contentment at the time when they most need it. We see the results in this play. One feels that it was created by a mind relaxed and calm, unconcerned and unacquainted with the laws of the commercial theatre. The author merely set down the truth as he saw it; it is not the sort of truth that makes money on Broadway. It is a bitter play, but its cruelty seems almost naive. Treated with a little more sophistication it would have been brutal, or degenerate, or absurd. As it stands it seems merely the startling frankness of a boy wise beyond his years. Or rather one feels that the author has treated a delicate theme with a discretion almost too subtle to be deliberate.

It is the story of a teacher of Latin, thirty-four years of age, who, in her loneliness, turns to a boy of seventeen, one of her pupils. Rather a precarious story to treat seriously; but as it moves relentlessly to its tragic conclusion we never once brush the burlesque which lurks perilously near. The teacher and her youthful admirer

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Detour" by Owen Davis (Little, Brown). The play Mr. Davis wrote to prove that he could really write if he wanted to.

"The Exemplary Theatre" by Harley Granville-Barker (Little, Brown). A provocative and valuable inquiry, the fruit of twenty years of practical endeavor. It should be of interest to anyone who takes an adult interest in the theatre.

"The Ship" by St. John G. Ervine (Macmillan). A thoughtful and moving three act play about a young man who wanted to live his own life.

"Eight Comedies for Little Theatres" by Percival Wilde (Little, Brown). Entertaining, constructed with the author's usual skill. Well within the range of most Little Theater companies. It is said that Mr. Wilde writes a one act play every morning before breakfast.

"Contemporary One-Act Plays" by B. Roland Lewis (Scribner). The text of eighteen plays including Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look", Sudermann's "The Far-Away Princess", and other more or less standard examples. There are biographies and bibliographies and an outline study of the one act form.

"Little Theater Classics" adapted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. (Little, Brown). The fourth volume of this series. Mr. Eliot goes far afield — to India, to Persia, to fifteenth century Germany — for his "Classics".

"The Play of the Sibyl Cassandra" by Georgiana Goddard King (Longmans, Green). Looks a little like a new testament, but represents intelligent research.

"Plays for School and Camp" by Katharine Lord (Little, Brown). For amateurs between two and fifteen years of age.

"The Shakespeare Canon" by J. M. Robertson (Dutton). Addressed to the chronic students of Shakespeare. An attempt to trace the origins of "Henry V", "Julius Cæsar", and "Richard III".

"Myrrha" by Charles V. H. Roberts (Four Seas). A tragedy in verse, semi-historical in character, treating of some pleasant incidents in Nero's Rome.

"The Ghost Story" by Booth Tarkington (Stewart Kidd). A pleasant trifle for adolescents.

"The Mirage" by George M. P. Baird (Stewart Kidd). An ethnologist's startling experiences with some Hopi women.

"The Queen of Sheba" by Stark Young (Theatre Arts). A delicately wrought little tragedy of a man who loved a maid.

have loved unwisely (needless to say) and the boy kills himself. Because of the simple frankness with which the tale is told it rises at moments to heights of moving tragedy. Sally Morton was a tragic figure for the author; and we get no perspective on her because he had no perspective on her. He portrays her so faithfully as he sees her that we see her through his eyes. But the implied moral of the story we do not see through his eyes. To suggest that this unhappy story occurs because teachers are underpaid cheapens and falsifies the play, and daubs an otherwise rather immaculate work with streaks of propaganda. It was human nature, not the School Board, which was at fault.

"The Follies" are always "The Follies" and they are an annual devotional rite for you, or they are not. Mr. Ziegfeld's congregation has about

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the same critical attitude toward "The Follies" as Bishop Manning's flock has toward his Easter service. Nor is this entirely unreasonable because, while some "Follies" are better than others, they always contrive to give the impression of being what other musical shows try to be. The current festival is, we think, decidedly below the average except when Will Rogers and rope are on the stage. We miss the rich color of other years; we miss Fanny Brice; we miss W. C. Field; we miss Ben Ali Haggin. The tunes, for the most part, are just tunes; the wheezes range from the pretty bad to the pretty awful. Much was expected from Ring Lardner, and perhaps he is responsible for the few good laughs scattered through the long evening; but his own sketch seemed to us one of the dullest bits in the show. Lardnerese is funny on the printed page, but spoken in a musical comedy it loses its snap. Musical comedy artists talk like that anyway.

The new edition of "La Chauve-Souris" lacks some of the zip of the former program, but it is even more enjoyable because it is more thoroughly Russian. It is a memorable, refreshingly unusual evening; not in the least like anything one has ever found in a New York theatre. The Century Roof, to which the show has moved for the summer, is several million miles from Times Square. It has been rearranged, and draped, and painted, and is now an intimate little Russian theatre. Russian pictures, illustrating bizarre old Russian folk tales, adorn the walls. Gaudy color contrasts, curiously pleasing, smite the eye wherever it falls. Real Russian girls (from Allen Street) dressed in Russian costumes find your seats for you. It is all so Slavic that when you go out to the open air lobby during the intermission and observe the dim *vid na gorod,* the Plaza Hotel looks like the east wing of the Czar's palace, Central Park is a section of the Volga basin.

The production of "The Rivals" given by the Players' Club made something very quaint and very delightful of the old comedy. It was pleasant to see the play done in a genuine light comedy spirit, without the pompous and patronizing complacency which usually accompanies such revivals. "The Pinch Hitter" is a neat and agreeable comedy well suited for hot summer evenings. "The Pin Wheel" is a mixture of superior dancing and inferior Raymond Hitchcock, which is rather a heady mixture. "Strut Miss Lizzie" contains, perhaps, a little too much hopping over ankles, and rhythmic calisthenics, but it has the gay spontaneity and curiously exotic atmosphere which seem to be characteristic of all-Negro shows. It is designed to "glorify the Creole beauty", and it does that. McIntyre and Heath in "Red Pepper" evolve a story about a coon who tells a rabbit to get out of the way and let somebody run who can. They actually tell that one; and when that joke was new their chorus girls were probably charming young flappers. "The Rotters" which has been playing the road for years, billed as a Broadway success presumably, explains the contempt which small town America has for New York.

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonora Speyer

MAY disappoints me as regards magazine verse, and especially as regards my magazine-versifying friends. I liked April much better. The poems of the month of May that seem to me the most distinguished are the poems of strangers — with the exception of Edna St. Vincent Millay's lyric "I said to Beauty", in "Vanity Fair" — and one so rejoices at the golden opportunity of extolling one's personal friends, of "puffing" them lightly and luxuriously, like a favorite brand of cigarette, from the comfortable pages of THE BOOKMAN. However, that cannot be this month. "Love me, love my doggerel" is the none too elastic condition of amity between poets; we take each other for better or verse — sorry, John Farrar. But I am not asked to speak of the poems of the month I do *not* like, after all, nor have I seen *all* the magazine poetry of the month, which is a sustaining thought. And so I pass on serenely to my really delightful task.

Who, for instance, would not rejoice in singling out the poem of Robert Graves in "Harper's Magazine"?

THE PHILOSOPHERS

Thought has a bias,
  Direction a bend,
Space its inhibitions,
  Time a dead end.

Is whiteness white?
  Oh, then, call it black:
Farthest from the truth
  Is yet halfway back.

Effect ordains Cause,
  Head swallowing its tail;
Does whale engulf sprat,
  Or sprat assume whale?

Contentions weary,
  It giddies us to think,
Then kiss, girl, kiss!
  Or drink, fellow, drink!

Joseph Auslander has a poem of real magic in "The Measure", which I also quote in full:

IS THIS THE LARK!

Is this the lark
Lord Shakespeare heard
Out of the dark
Of dawn! Is this the bird
That stirred
Lord Shakespeare's heart!

Is this the bird whose wing,
Whose rapturous antheming,
Rose up, soared radiant, became
Sharp flame
To Shelley listening
And made him sing,
Throbbing alone, aloof, feveredly apart,
His profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

To think that I should hear him now
Telling that single fiery rift of heaven a
  wild lark comes! . . .
The fresh cool scent of earth yearns at the
  plough;
In short keen rapid flurries the woodpecker
  drums . . .
To think that I should hear that mad thing
  sliding
Along a smoking opal ladder!
Hear that inevitable deluge of music riding
Into the sun, richer now — fainter now —
  madder!
To think that I should hear and know
The song that Shelley heard, and Shake-
  speare, long ago!

In the Richmond "Reviewer" is a poignant little six line verse I like very much, by Robert Nathan:

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SECURITY

Men nobler than myself,
Have set me like a tree;
My roots are in their dust.
Let the wind blow;
What is that to me?
My roots are deep, I trust.

"Bloom", by Alfred Kreymborg, in "The Dial", has a truly lyric quality and is interestingly new in conception, though I feel a little restive at the suggested rhyming of "gloom" with "moon", and "aloft" with "cloth"; but perhaps he does not mean these words to rhyme in the least — it may only be the unnecessarily alert perking of my musically trained and over-sensitive ear that causes this slight rift within the mandolute.

BLOOM

When flowers thrust their heads above the ground
in showers pale as raindrops, and as round,
who would suspect that such, before they're gone,
could hold the sun?

So fine a pressure from above can bring
so frail a thing to push its way aloft? —
through clay, a woman might consider cloth
for constant stitching?

Right straight down and right straight up again,
through holes so close, no manly eye can see
the bloom come out of needles — or can she
be using rain?

And now that she still labours in the gloom,
her room just lighted by the sun turned moon —
need any man be told what flowers are,
that hold a star?

Winifred Welles has two beautiful lyrics in "Poetry" and in "The Measure", and so indeed has Bernice Lesbia Kenyon — three in fact, in "Voices", in "Contemporary Verse", and in "The Outlook". I wish Elinor Wylie would rewrite the last four lines of "Epitaph" in "The New Republic"; the first three stanzas are so lovely.

In "The Step Ladder" are three delectable sonnets by Vincent Starrett, entitled "Squirrel", "Cricket", and "Turtle"; I hesitate between them and finally choose "Turtle":

Queer, tessellated, tardy snuff-box, you,
Hillocked with mud, and slippery with slime;
There is a dreadful certainty of time
In your unhurried saunter — Wandering Jew!
I can believe you on an ageless quest,
Lurching across the ocean's cozy floor —
But, of what God are *you* ambassador?
And to what dismal shrine are you addressed?

Still you are blind to all save wet and gloom,
Maugre your leisured march through centuries —
Dwelling perhaps in more than seven seas,
Impotent yet, within your living tomb.
In my brief venture between walls of clay,
I have met turtles all along the way.

And I close, even as last month, with a poem of Edna St. Vincent Millay's, a poem to Beauty, not as super-beautiful, I grant, as "Assault" in "Second April", but written as only Miss Millay can write, as only she *need* write, since we have her!

I SAID TO BEAUTY

I said to Beauty,
"Thou art that ogre
Which, when I have thee,
Turns to a toad,
Turns to a thousand
Ugly faces,
Turns to abhorrence
Under my hand."
I said to Beauty,
"Nevertheless,
And in and out
Of all thy guile,
Though thou eat me,
Though thou scald me,
Though thou void upon me
Thy foulness,
Here I stand
Upon thy carpet,
I will hold thee
In my fingers
Till thou art
Thyself again.
I will not let thee go."

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THE LONDONER

Controversies---"English Novelist"---Sinclair Lewis---H. L. Mencken---Dean Inge---American Novels in England---English Politeness---Horatio Bottomley---A Party at St. John Ervine's.

LONDON, *June* 1, 1922.

I CANNOT help taking a lively interest in the several controversies which at the present time are apparently raging with little hope of settlement. Two of these are intimately connected with the relative merits of American and English novels; and the third hangs on to the others, if with a more commercial bias than they indicate. I refer to the correspondence in THE BOOKMAN between Hugh Walpole and H. L. Mencken; the interview given by Sinclair Lewis, reprinted in the "Times", and answered with warmth by Shane Leslie; and a further correspondence in the "Times" between one signing himself (or herself) "English Novelist" and another who gives "English Novelist" the lie direct. "English Novelist" raises a bogey in the shape of wholesale importation of American novels by English publishers, to the detriment of English novelists in general. Sinclair Lewis says that the English writers are an effete crew with a supercilious attitude toward what is being done in America. H. L. Mencken says that of the twenty-five novels reviewed by himself last year only three English ones were deserving of unmitigated praise. It is a fascinating situation.

I am going to give Sinclair Lewis an admission. I do not know which three English novels Mr. Mencken praised. Apart from two very lively books which have been published here recently — two books of "Prejudices" —I am unacquainted with the work of Mr. Mencken, and so I do not know even what it was that Hugh Walpole objected to in the letter which appeared in THE BOOKMAN. Apparently Mr. Mencken thinks that W. L. George is a better novelist than either Michael Sadleir or Frank Swinnerton. Why not? And why should he not think American novels are better than English novels? It is only natural that he should do so, if novels are really divisible into symbols of nationality as he suggests. Mr. Mencken is an American, and Sinclair Lewis has made it clear that after a year in England he has come to the same opinion. Shane Leslie, answering the assertion that we are all at each other's throats in England, proudly assumes this to be a sign of health and strength; and retorts upon the American writers that they live a less hardy life of mutual admiration. It is paradoxical that the reply should come from an Irishman who is only, as it were, accidentally a novelist. I suppose that the working novelists are all too jealous of each other to answer, lest they should lay themselves open to further attack, this time from within, on the lines: "What right have *you* to speak for the band?"

* * * *

I do not know, of course, how seriously these matters may be taken by the combatants, and by American and English readers; but for myself it seems that it would be wrong to write

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anything at all which is likely to endanger the good feeling between England and the United States, even upon a subject comparatively so trivial. I cannot suppose that candid discussion of such a question could do any damage; but it is difficult to know what will annoy. I have no wish to annoy anybody; and yet I find that some people think annoyance of others is my one purpose in life. Therefore I must tread warily. Let me deal first with "English Novelist", who thinks that he (or she) and his kind are being pushed off the face of the book stalls by the wicked encroachments of the Americans. Apparently "English Novelist" supposes that the American publisher is able to produce and export books at some fabulously low price far beyond the capacity of English producers. This is an error. The prices at which American publishers offer sheets of books to English publishers is practically prohibitive. It is not worth while for English publishers to import sheets of an American novel in small numbers, for if these numbers actually sell the profits are so ridiculously small that they are hardly enough to cover expenses, and if they do not sell the English publisher has made, upon Mr. Mencken's nationalist assumption, a loss which would have been much better incurred upon some home product, however inferior it may be to the American novel submitted. If an American novel is published in England, therefore, it may be taken for granted that it is published on its merits, and not because it is something cheaply obtained. The American publisher can charge two dollars for a novel. The English publisher who tries to charge more than seven shillings and sixpence (under recent conditions, a dollar and a half) is met with a system of library "starvation" which is very disagreeable. No, there is no economy in the importation of American books.

* * * *

So much for "English Novelist". He does not wish to make trouble, but he is elevated by ten years of novel writing and five years' experience as reader for some unnamed firm dealing chiefly in children's books. This experience is not enough, particularly when the writer shows incapacity to grasp actual conditions. We come, therefore, to Sinclair Lewis, who says that English writers are all lacking in vitality and all lacking in pep and go, and that they are all members of silly little cliques, see none but literary people, and so on. My own idea is that Lewis has absorbed the English attitude. A year in this country makes him talk of English writers as though he were an Englishman. That is the way we talk of ourselves. It is supposed to be the correct thing in England to slang everybody else. We do it. Sinclair Lewis heard us. Moreover, Lewis had one point which is a very good one, because it was personal. He said he had received instruction in the art of writing novels from all sorts of lads just down from Oxford. That probably is true. I can assure him that English novelists benefit equally from the advice of these bright and foolish creatures who know everything. English novelists even receive instruction from reviewers. I was told by a great writer only the other day that no novelist could be said to have "arrived" in England until he had been universally slanged in every paper in the country for some book which represented his utmost endeavor. It is quite true, as Lewis has said, that we are not cordial to each other here. We are not. Why this should be I do not know; but it is

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the fact. The majority seem to be absorbed in feuds. But they are not very serious feuds; they are more like sham fights than enmities. Whether the hostilities which exist are due to jealousy or to personal antipathy, or merely to what a young friend of mine styles "conflict of personality" (meaning conflict of egotism), it is impossible to say. So far, I take Lewis's case to be quite incontrovertible. When he says, however, that we see none but other writers he is far from the truth. Some there may be who live in an incessant atmosphere of literary talk. Not many. The novelists as a body have other friends. They meet occasionally in their twos and threes and little cliques; but it is unusual. If Lewis came across groups, it was because they were gathered to do him honor, and not in the way of ordinary social business.

Now as to the attitude of English novelists to American fiction. Lewis is too sweeping. I gather from the report published here that he excepted Wells, Galsworthy, Walpole, and George from the wholesale charge of indifference. Others might be named also; but I think he would find if he went more closely into the matter that those who are ignorant of American books are equally ignorant of what is being done in England. It is a temperamental thing, and it is also a matter of time and opportunity. At its worst, I agree that it is another proof of lack of vitality. There seems no doubt at all that young American writers as a body are keenly interested in the art of writing, in what is being done in all its branches. It is a very hopeful sign, but it has its dangers. It is a sign of youth and enthusiasm; but there is another aspect, the devastating "sense of busyness" which children have and which many impotent workers suffer from when the show takes the place of the reality, when it is of more importance to feel busy than to work. We shall see what the result is. Personally I am hopeful, and I think that the American enthusiasm is a good and healthy sign. But unreasoning enthusiasm, such as Cassio felt over the songs, is not good, and I do not much like Lewis's own faultfinding. It does not come well from a man of his stature. He is big enough to be charitable to our small fry.

* * * *

H. L. Mencken is another kettle of fish. Here is a bold American standing up for the excellence of his own nation in all matters relating to the novel. He complains that certain English novelists are boosted in America, and so that they obtain reputation and worldly success beyond what they deserve. Is that really so? At this distance I cannot ascertain whether it is indeed the case. If it is true, then it is time that Mencken made his protest. If an English novelist cannot hold his own in America on his merits, then he ought not to have any romantic prosperity merely because he is English. That is a wrong system. But Mencken suggests that there is some body of anti-American English writers who are out to boost the works of a group of bad English novelists. He is quite wrong. There is no concerted effort to boost any bad writers. I think he has got some variety of conspiracy mania. He envisages some malign creatures here chuckling and rubbing their hands at the notion of spoofing poor innocent America into accepting yet another English duckling as a swan, and so enriching the brood with American dollars. That is sheer nonsense, and pernicious nonsense; and if Mencken

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doesn't know it is nonsense, he is not so able as I have been led to suppose. Such doctrines make for hostilities which are real, and which are not the sham fighting of English literary hostilities. They can make ill feeling over things which are not worth fighting about. It is one thing to criticize a book, to say that it is bad. It is another thing, and a quite unjustifiable thing, to impute dishonesty. There is plenty of such imputation flying around among the young and conceited in England; but it misses its aim because all such imputations are invitations to counter attacks of an equally futile nature.

* * * *

On the whole, English novelists are having quite some trouble at the moment, for Dean Inge, called in this country with monotonous facetiousness "the gloomy dean", has been looking into Mudie's catalogue (as he himself says) in order to substantiate a charge that the present day novel is rotten, that it is entirely occupied with adultery, and so on. All this formed a part of a lecture on the Victorian Age. It has created something of a ferment. I do not know that this was necessary; but for some reason we are all more agitated at a moral arraignment than at an artistic condemnation. It is proof, I suppose, that the English are at heart obsessed by ethics. There was a great rally of indignants. Dean Inge is a very pathetic figure. He is very deaf and very shy. He preaches with great honesty, and some intellectual ability. He has humor and sincerity and learning. But he knows very little about the world which surrounds him, because, owing to his deafness and his shyness, he does not mix readily with others. I have sat directly opposite to him during a whole meal. He is highly nervous, speechless, sidelong in his glances, clotted in his utterance, clear in thought, and in matters of practical experience profoundly ignorant. He can know absolutely nothing of modern writing, and in any case he would be entirely out of sympathy with the aims of modern writers. And so he glorified the Victorians, who have been so neglected in the past decade that they are even beginning to revive a little nowadays. And he could not glorify them without sniffing contemptuously at their successors. I do not know at all what the effects of such rows may be upon public opinion, and on the whole it seems to me that they are better avoided; but wisdom is not a constant factor in life, and so the fights persist. Some people feel that they cannot let the moment pass without a scene, and for these such an opportunity as the Dean's lecture provided could not fail to be an irresistible temptation.

* * * *

By the way, while we are on the subject of controversies, I see that the "Westminster Gazette", which recently had a squabble with Conrad Aiken in which Aiken came out very much the better, contributes this week to the Lewis row. It practically accuses Lewis of solemnity, and demands to know why the young American who exalts certain "serious" writers neglects to extol Booth Tarkington. This is an idea I have had myself for some considerable time. Personally I think Tarkington is a most enjoyable writer who has at times given inexpressible pleasure to many of my friends. Is that very wrong in the eyes of American critics? I believe we shall never understand each other, of course, because we are all talking of different things; but it would be a very good thing if some American

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critic would write a sort of "Credo" for THE BOOKMAN, so that we might know exactly where we stand, and what are the peculiar qualities which we ought to admire in the best and latest American literature. What we find in that literature at the present time, if I may say so without offense, is a confusion of aim. There is not much to link up Sherwood Anderson with Joseph Hergesheimer and Willa Cather and Scott Fitzgerald and Edith Wharton and Floyd Dell and James Branch Cabell. I have read works by all these writers, and I find that my reactions to each of them are individual rather than national. I thought "Ethan Frome" a first-rate piece of work, and "The Three Black Pennys" for a third of its length a really fine picture. "Jurgen" I could not stand at any price. It seemed to me to be turgid and pretentious and dull. "Youth and the Bright Medusa" left me moderately cool. "This Side of Paradise" seemed to me to be perhaps unintentionally good, which robbed it of half its merit. "Moon-Calf" had quality, yet was a disappointment to one who had admired Dell for some years. And so on. But I could not honestly say that any one of these books seemed to me to stand higher than the highest contemporary English novels. Is it necessary that the comparison should be made at all? Obviously it is not. The point has arisen only because Lewis has charged English writers with ignorance of what is written in America, and Mencken has expressed a preference for American books over certain wantonly boosted novels by inferior English persons who command the services of a secret society. I will conclude this matter, as far as I am concerned, by what I regard as an explanation of the whole point of English ignorance.

Before the war, American publishers would see an English novel which they liked. They would take a small number of copies of it from the English publishers in sheets. It was in each case a tiny venture, and an experiment; and why the American publishers did it at all I do not know, except it be on the principle of "little drops of water". But they did it. And in return the English publishers used to take a few hundred copies of some American books. In some cases, such as Mary E. Wilkins, W. D. Howells, Edith Wharton, and later Gertrude Atherton and Mary Johnston, the editions were larger. The importation was not of sheets but of plates from which English sheets could be printed. There arose for these writers a regular demand. Winston Churchill was another American who had a great following in England. I may forget a great many others. But there were many novels sent over here which did not meet with such a favorable reception. These were the regional novels. Just as you have not had a number of our regional novels, which were painstaking but unreadable, so we have never seen a number of yours. But we took very quickly to O. Henry. Jack London and Frank Norris, in their very different ways, were almost as well known here as they were in America. But then came a time when the young "intellectuals" began to boom in England. We got in first with our young intellectuals. You followed with yours. You had been generous to ours: we have never been generous to yours. Either that or, as seems to me quite possible, by the time your young intellectuals came along we had ceased to think of ours as anything but individual writers. The boom of the young intellectual as such had died. With you it remained.

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And here is another point. Fashion is quicker, evidently, in America than it is here. With all sorts of depreciation very constantly corroding young English reputations, we are slow to admit any man to our safe and sacred circle of true fame, which is universal execration. We are still polite to Americans. We are polite to Mencken. We were polite to Lewis. Lewis thought us cold. We had no means of appraising his book as a picture of life, and we were polite to him. He longed for the familiar enthusiasm of — what he would apparently call — his own "goddam country". It did not come. It was not that we were supercilious. It was simply that we always are polite to strangers, and upon what we suppose to be our best behavior. It does not mean lack of sympathy or lack of interest. It just means politeness. I have been inveighing against politeness for twenty years. I was doing so on one occasion to a man who listened politely for some time. He then said: "Well, you're the most polite person I've ever met. I don't understand you." What we did with Lewis was to be polite. We also showed our perfect breeding by slaying a few of our contemporaries for his edification, to show that Lewis must regard himself as perfectly free to say and feel what he thought right. Now that he has returned our politeness with outspoken rebuke I fancy there may be a few who are saying, "All right, Master Lewis. You wait till you come back again. *I'll* show you!" And when he comes back we shall be as polite as ever, and he will think us still mummified and wanting in pep; and we shall be afraid to tell him that we have not enjoyed some work of American fiction, and we shall be polite about it, and Lewis will have another explosion. And then Mencken, by that time a very old and quarrelsome man (rather deaf, like Dean Inge), will weigh in with a few hints of an army of spies sent to America to boost the sales of one or two novelists whom every Englishman knows to be very bad. And so the cordial entente will be carried on between the two countries. Isn't it ridiculous! I do not know what is to be done about it. There is no hostility to American books here. Our sensationalists and sentimentalists lap up the worst American novels; our purchasers of what booksellers call "curious" bought up the whole edition of "Jurgen" at double-quick speed; we give Hergesheimer higher praise than most of our young novelists ever get. We treat seriously books which have been corroded in America, just as Americans treat seriously writers like Archibald Marshall and Leonard Merrick and others who are less admired upon this side. Two publishers at least — Jonathan Cape and Heinemann — are putting American books on the market as fast as they can. And each book is being anxiously read and reviewed in the press with exaggerated respect, in case it should prove to be a masterpiece which it would be criminal to neglect. How strange that the Atlantic should make all that difference. Is it not just the same in America? Are not your reviewers afraid of betraying ignorance and lack of taste and sympathy if they are harsh to an English book? I think that is more likely to explain Mencken's jingo fears of penetration than his elaborate theory of base design.

* * * *

I ought now to be able to tell you of some new and wonderful English books which are going to be published in the near future; but I am afraid I cannot do so. I have recently been

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away from London, remote from literary gossip; and in any case the Bottomley trial has washed out everything in the gossip line. It is really extraordinary what a hold Bottomley has upon the imagination of the English public. One would think him an arch fiend, instead of an exploded ruffian. I do not gather that any new reputation has arisen since I went away, or any old one sunk beyond repair. In fact if I had not been away I could hardly believe that any time had passed since last I viewed this placid world. This reminds me to say I returned just in time to attend the party which the St. John Ervines gave to celebrate the "opening" of their new flat. A very pleasing affair, attended by all sorts of writers and their wives, together with stage people and others. Poets roamed freely, and artists; but how few novelists there were! I counted only one — A. P. Herbert. But there were several Americans, and it was a very jolly and friendly party, which lasted until midnight. I left the poets behind me when I came away. Everybody else had departed long before. Now, why should poets stay behind? I expect Mencken would suggest that it was to hatch some quite malevolent plot against the pocket of the peace loving American. Never mind, Mencken will be on his guard. No traitors will enter the country while the old watch dog can still speak the God's truth that is in him! America will still be safe for Americans as long as "The Smart Set" guards the frontiers.

SIMON PURE

WILD TREES IN FEBRUARY

By Stella Benson

IN a panic forlorn
I am haunting your corners.
I am dead without mourners:
I am dead yet unborn.
You will come to me later.
You will come very late —
Ah, must I wait,
Must I wait,
You unhurrying satyr?

My sisters shall make
Of their exquisite acres
Carved aisles for the breakers
Of sleep, when they wake.
They are strung to an answer.
They are strung to a trance.
Ah, must they dance,
Must they dance,
You importunate dancer?

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POETRY AND YOUTH*

By William McFee

IF memory, backed by the conventional criticism of twenty, thirty, and even forty years ago, be accepted as a guide, the invariable defect of youthful poetry was a lack of simplicity and a sense of direction. One had a tendency, it is remorsefully remembered now, to write of things of which one knew nothing and in a style entirely foreign to the experience and temper of one's age. This, no doubt, was to be expected of young people who lived, for the most part, very secluded lives without telephones, automobiles, magazines, or cinemas; their actual knowledge was microscopic, and the demesnes of their fancy untraversed by the highroads of modern learning. It was the first duty of every guide, philosopher, and friend of youth to warn them against writing of distant places and far off romantic periods, in imitation of Scott and his school. Write of what you know, was the ceaseless cry of the sage seniors to dreamy-eyed youth, who of course knew nothing and so could not profit by this valuable advice, but went on dreaming and constructing impossible romances (like Shelley's "Zastrozzi") until in most cases they fell in love and discovered things for themselves.

Today, youth knowing everything, the problem is not the same. For them there is no longer any danger of loitering palely in the anterooms of romance. They do not need recalling from fantastic journeys into preposterous principalities, nor are they discovered aping Keats, with his "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn". There is even a doubt in the present writer's mind whether they ever fall in love any more (in the old foolish, dreamy, meal-missing sense). . . . .

And herein lies the interest in modern verse. It may not tell us very much about art or life, but it ought to tell us something about the young people who write it. Whether they know it or not, they are living in a very remarkable age. How remarkable, only those of us know who can remember the 'eighties and the 'nineties. And while their reactions to this age are not necessarily entirely embodied in verse, there is sufficient demand and encouragement for poets nowadays to accept their efforts as authentic manifestations of the Time Spirit.

For this reason it is to be regretted that so few of these young people reveal any appreciation of the technical problems involved in poetry. So far from resembling a company of polite young romantics gathering posies in a beautiful garden, they convey, in their modern *vers libre*, an unhappy impression of a gang of hoodlums smashing and uprooting, and sinking their heavy heels in the choicest flower beds as they bawl to one another their favorite æsthetic anthem: that they

* This article, written as an introduction to the forthcoming collection of poems by Milton Raison ("Spindrift"), proves to be a penetrating study of young poets in general, which the editors feel will be of special interest to BOOKMAN readers.

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know not where they are going, but they are on their way. If one does not know that, there is nothing to be gained by making a virtue of it. The sleep walker and the anarchist have the same justification for their behavior. One has only to imagine the votaries of any other art proclaiming the same impudent doctrine, to perceive the unwisdom of it. It is highly desirable in all the arts to know where one is going, and it may even prove a sound policy to halt awhile and find out.

In the verses now under consideration the young author has advanced no such foolish contentions. If many modern poets remind one of a noisy syncopating orchestra, these brief pieces are like the clear melodious whistle of a boy on a fine summer evening. It was early discovered by the present writer that one of the most difficult things to accomplish in any art is outline. And here you have it. There is a Latin sharpness of mentality manifested in these clearly, sardonically etched portraits of a ship's crew. The whimsical humor revealed in final lines is a portent, in the present writer's opinion, of a talent which will probably come to maturity in a very different field. Indeed it may be — though it is too early to dogmatize — that these poems are but the early efflorescence of a gift for vigorous prose narrative. This is scarcely the place to go into the intricate and interesting question of literary origins. Some men begin, as did Shelley, by designing enormous and macabre romances, and find their true metier in great verse. Some, like Thomas Hardy, achieve fame as novelists and develop late as minor poets. Others, and these from the main body of literature, sing in lusty minor verse for a year or two, and then, ceasing as suddenly as though their poetic voices had broken, use the prose form for the rest of their lives.

The opinions of men diverge sharply upon the question of the best environment for the development of a man of letters. Milton Raison has settled for himself, with engaging promptitude, that a seafaring career provides the inspiration he craves. The influence of Masefield is strong upon him, and some of his verses are plainly derivative. As already hinted, it is too early to say definitely how this plan will succeed. In his diary, kept while on a voyage to South America, a document remarkable for its descriptive power and a certain crude and virginal candor, one may discover an embryo novelist struggling with the inevitable limitations of youth. But in his simple and naive poems, whether they give us some bizarre and catastrophic picture of seamen, or depict the charming emotions of a sensitive adolescence, there is a passion for experiment and humility of intellect which promises well enough for a young man in his teens.

The story is told of one of our greatest living writers, that at the height of his spectacular career, his father could not be induced to voice the almost universal praise. When pressed, the latter admitted laconically that his son's achievement was "creditable". From this position of extreme moderation he refused to be moved.

Here is a very valuable anecdote. There is too much meaningless and unauthenticated enthusiasm in evidence these days. It is highly desirable that the young be protected from dangerous adulation. Let it stand, therefore, in this case as "creditable", and neither poet nor panegyrist will have occasion in future years to regret his modest claims.

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POEMS BY MILTON RAISON

TO MY LADY

There is more comfort in your slightest
touch
Than in soft-colored, placid sceneries,
Or in the gentle motion of the seas
Rocking the ships like cradles of tired men.
The peace your cool skin brings to me is
such
That robbed of you I shall not feel again.
There is more beauty in your curving lips
Than ever lingered in the poise of ships,
Than ever grew in music or in flowers;
And I can sit and watch your face for
hours,
Listening as you raise your voice from
where
Amid deep, soothing harmonies it lies,
Touching your hand and playing with your
hair,
Finding new lights and colors in your eyes.

THE HOLD

There is a treasure trove aboard all ships,
That gathers beauty to its ample fold,
Like a huge goddess with kind, smiling lips:
We sailors know it as the after-hold.

The sun spreads on its top a cloth of gold,
And there, the spare hours in the day we
spend;
We play our games, and have our fun, and
lend
A mortal aspect to the silent hold.

At night we gather on its boards and sing,
And sprawl around and talk of life and
death;
And what a wealth of narrative we bring!
What song rides forth on agitated breath!

And there are wondrous cargoes in its deeps,
From silks and furs to simple ballast sand.
The air of musty memories it keeps
Is opened to us every port we land.

Somehow I feel, when we're asleep below,
The stars come down to dance upon the hold,
A ghastly moon makes whiter than the snow
That covers it like fur when it is cold.

I like to lie upon the hold and watch
The lovely squirmings of a restless sky —
And see a star go out, just like a match,
And wish my soul went that way when I
die.

RHYTHMS

Upon the pillow lies my head,
Under the blankets lies my torso;
The one seems motionless and dead,
The other more so.

I do not move my limbs nor flick
An eyelash as I wait for sleep,
But slowly, subtly, tick on tick,
The rhythms creep.

The east wind rattles on the panes
With an uneven sort of beat,
And I must listen how it rains
With pattering feet.

The clock ticks loudly in the room,
Incessantly and manifest;
Like darts of sound shot through the gloom,
It pricks my rest.

My heart beats on its ribbed wall,
Thump — thump — thump — thump —
And does not seem to cease at all
Its rhythmic jump.

My breast heaves with my steady breath,
In and out, in and out,
In goes life and out comes death —
(O turn about!)

Then I remember if I prick
My heart, my breath will also cease,
My ears will deafen to the tick,
And I'll have peace.

But thinking of a way to die,
I quite forgot that rhythms creep
To twist my rest and mind awry —
And fell asleep!

TO A FRIEND

What will you know of me when I am dead?
I do not ask because I am concerned,
Nor yet with sudden wisdom is that said
To puzzle you, who are profoundly learned;
But just half-humorously as I've lived,
And with a crooked smile upon my lips,
For how this startling query is received
And what remorse or sympathy it grips
In you, who've known me through these
many years.
And then you'll think: you've never known
my tears,
My thirsts, my loves, my little tragedies,

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My little colored days of grey and blue —
All that you've known of me did but appease
The calm, unruffled, thoughtless side of you.

THE SILENT

I

She was as fragile as silence,
And her beauty was as far-reaching.

Her wiles were profound as the quiet
That creeps on the city at midnight.

Her very presence was formless,
Intangible, confidence-breeding.

But one felt all this could be shattered
With a single resonant word.

II

She, being woman, was subtle;
Speech, she claimed was futile —
So walking the longest while,
We did not say a word
That would provoke a smile
Or bring us quiet fears.
She thought such talk absurd,
There was no need to jest,
No need to probe to tears;
Silence between us was best,
The pregnant silence that hovers
In the eyes of lovers.
But I know, being wise,
If we do not use our breath
On talk, but just our eyes —
We will soon be bored to death.

But she, being woman, was subtle,
And that was sufficient rebuttal.

BROTHERS

I never saw your face before,
  And probably will not again,
Yet in the glance, I saw that more
  Was given you than other men.

I recognized your like to me,
  The troubled eyes, the pallid skin,
Yet more of you I would not see
  Because we are so much akin.

THE LAST NIGHT

I shall be lonesome for you, ships and sea,
And many are the nights I'll lie awake,
Straining my ears to hear the water break
Against the hull that kept it back from me.
Watching the ship's nose split the wind
    that bled
Fine spray on deck and me and everything;
The daring moon dance up the sky and shed
Her many-colored veils in clambering;
The nude sun, shorn of rays, dive in a wave;
The burly clouds swinging their hordes to
    storm —
These things I may not see before the grave
Again, but certain I shall ever warm
To their remembered beauty — yet not above
The beauty of the one who waits my love.

FOG

Flowing in its sombre, sluggish beauty,
The river lay under the spell of the mist;
Squatting barges, squarely-built and sooty,
Lost their angles in the amethyst
That veiled the ancient, long-enchanted sun.
Bridges spanned the stream like things
    untrue,
Or spiders' webs glittering with the dew.
A ship returning from its far-flung run
Crept up the river as though it had been
    snared;
Doleful sirens sounded through the haze
As though the fog had crept into their
    throats.
Why does this beauty come so unprepared
To break into the pattern of the days —
Forgetting men, to drift among the boats?

TWILIGHT MOOD

I think there is no greater thing than dusk
That steals shamefacedly around the town,
And peeps between the buildings, looking
    down
Upon a world grown dim. It doesn't frown,
Nor does it gather grandly as would musk
Upon men's senses; — just a slender tusk
Of color, curving silently between
The day and night; a droop of wings scarce
    seen.

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THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

Being the American Diary of the Famous British Novelist

With Notes by Theresa Tubby

And Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER V

I Make Chicago My Own

"YOU'LL get the breeze from Lake Michigan. It will be cool. Spring is perfectly lovely in Chicago!"

So we were told. Naturally, we believed our informant; and as we came nearer and nearer the famed literary centre of the United States, I was constantly putting my head out of the car window to see if I could be the first to feel a flutter of air. Alas, I was forced to acknowledge that we had been duped again by that most unreliable emotion — American optimism. *Chicago was hot!*

The first person we saw on the station platform was a man with a rifle on his shoulder. Could he be part of a guard of honor for us? At this moment up rushed Larry Lansing, tall and impressive, and Punchinello Bones, short and jovial.[1] They are friends, though literary critics. They spoke almost in one breath. "Welcome to the Queen City of the Near East (*not* middle west). We present you with the cultural key of the city. It's the literary centre of the United States, you know." They bowed low.

I, however, was still wondering about the man with the gun.

"He's guarding the mails," Mr. Bones explained. "The mail banditry is one of our most prosperous groups in 'Chi'. They're regular guys, wear spats, use tooth brushes and everything. You'd enjoy their persiflage. The man with the rifle is just to show the bandits that they can't always expect to be ignored. In all confidence", he added, "they are actually glad of a little attention, proud of it; just as we, secretly, are proud of them. They demonstrate the bold spirit of the place, where laws are lightly looked upon, and the old spirit of track and trail persists along the rumbling rails of the 'loop'."

Mr. Lansing waved a paper in my face.

"Here's a list of your engagements while you're in Chicago," he announced. "You'll observe that I've given you time for everything but sleep, and I'm sure that you don't need that. Now, before ever you go to a hotel, let's raise the cry, 'On to the stockyards!' "

"But —" I protested.

"Oh, it's all right," Bones assured me. "You'll find it an agreeable welcome to our beautiful city."

Then it was that a strange thing happened. I stepped over to a news stand to ask my usual question as to

1 Such cordial, well meaning boys, not at all what one would have expected. *Thr. Tb.*

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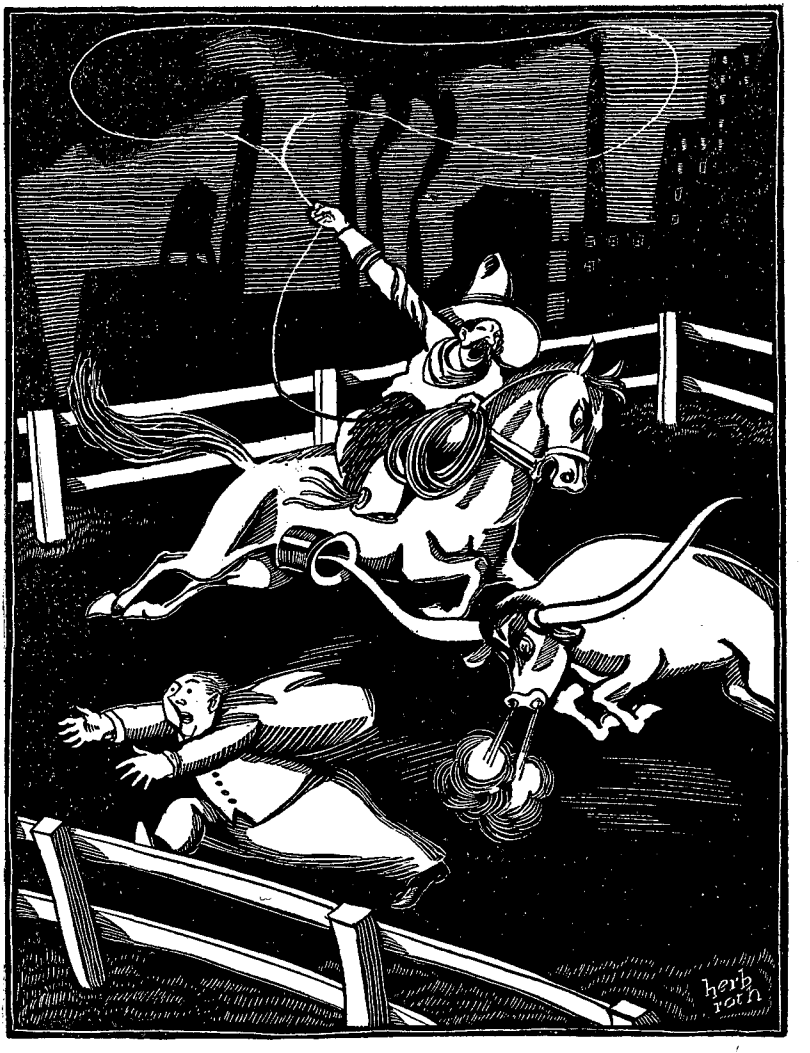

"Like a man, I stood rooted to the spot"

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whether or not they had a good supply of my books, when I suddenly realized that I had lost the rest of the party or that they had lost me, as the case may have been. What should I do? Where should I turn? I rushed to the street. There, riding on a violent white horse, clad in leathern breeches, a bright shirt, and a wide hat, I saw dashing up what was obviously a cowboy. Of course, I had heard of cowboys.[2] Ah, I thought immediately, he is on his way to the stockyards. If I follow him, I shall soon meet Lansing, Bones, and my own dear wife, who must be quite frantic by now.

"Taxi!" I shouted. The words had been no more than uttered, when I found myself grabbed by two men, one with a black beard, one with a yellow, one tugging at my right arm, one at my left.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" I admonished them. "You will tear me apart, indeed you will. Whatever is the matter?"

It seems that they were members of rival taxi fraternities, pledged to mortal enmity, and each determined to secure at least a part of me as fare.

"Police!" I called, and though no actual policeman appeared, an eager crowd of citizens accomplished my rescue and I found myself seated in a cab.

"Follow that man!" I commanded, pointing to the picturesque figure of the cowboy riding fearlessly down the bandit-infested streets. Safe inside, or comparatively safe at any rate inside, and with all the windows closed, I burst into tears. Alone — and in this city of undreamed wildness. Soon I remembered who and what I was, and composed myself as was befitting the husband of Theresa Turbot and the famous British master of fiction and opinion. For as the days went by, and as questions on all manner of topics, from divorce to cooking, were asked me, I slowly had come to realize the great weight of my own mind, the respect in which I was held, and that my advice was not only asked but followed. There's the rub. What a responsibility. Under this treatment, I felt that I should become old before my time. Alas!

We had arrived. I looked about and saw no huge factory buildings as I had been led to expect. Instead, what seemed like a great arena alongside the lake. Never hesitating, I plunged through the gate, whereupon to right and left of me I seemed to see many people seated in rows. I kept my attention riveted on the cowboy, who was still riding ahead of me, with no thought of possible danger from animals. Too late! There was a roar and a rush. I seemed to hear cries of surprise and pain from the crowds. I turned. Bearing down on me, his magnificent horns all too magnificent, was a huge steer. His intention was evident. Like a man, I stood rooted to the spot, intending to prove myself by nature a toreador, and raised my two hands to grab those approaching horns. I could feel the hot breath of the angry beast, when, swish! I felt myself drawn and dragged by some powerful force through the dust and away from the heroic task I had been about to face. Was this laughter or applause that greeted my fall? I have never known. No one has ever told me. As I wiped the dirt from my eyes and ears I looked up at — whom do you think? The cowboy, the boy himself. He had lassoed me. Yes, I, Timothy Tubby, had had a taste of the real old

2 A cowboy is a person stationed along the streets of Chicago to apprehend animals who, having strayed from the stockyards, might do harm to the populace. *Thr. Tb.*

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west; I had been lassoed. The cowboy, though, seemed angry.

"Waddya think this is?" he said, curling his rope and his lip at the same instant. "A bull fight?"

I told him that I was looking for the stockyards.

"Huh?" He turned away in disgust. "This ain't no stockyards, yuh dumbbell, this is 'The Greatest Wild West Show in the World'. Git out!"

Much upset I found my way to the street, and was standing, looking helplessly up and down, when a kind lady approached me. I could see at once that she had recognized me from my pictures.

"Welcome to the literary centre of America," she said in sweet tones. "And what can the matter be with Mr. Tubby? He looks *so* tired and — er — just a trifle dusty. *My* name is Dowdy."

"Thank you for your consideration, Madam," I said slowly. "Indeed, the matter at the moment seems to be that I am lost. It seems to me that I am always lost. America is so large. If you only would aid me to become found, I should be grateful forever. I always autograph a book for people to whom I owe gratitude."

"I've always heard what a sweet person you were — now I know," said the lady bountiful, for she was bountiful as events proved. "Come with me. You shall have a tub put at your disposal, in fact, a shower, if you wish; though I am sure that you prefer a tub, and there are several in my home. The use of imagination in arranging bathing facilities is one of the first duties of a good hostess. That has always been my ambition — to be a good hostess. Just that — no more."

I looked at my hands ruefully.

"Oh", she hastened to add, "not that you need one; but I know how much a real Englishman dislikes being separated from his tub. This is *most fortunate.* I shall entertain you while you are in Chicago at my own home. I always entertain celebrities at my home. In fact, it is the 'Home of Celebrities'. Undoubtedly when we return we shall find at least two minor poets, and a minor artist or two, sitting on my hospitable hearth rug."

Night found us all united at Mrs. Dowdy's. Theresa had seen the stockyards. She had been impressed, but glad that I wasn't there, for she didn't believe I could have stood it without flinching. I should like to have tried, anyway! All evening amid the gaiety, the spirit of slaughtered flesh seemed to brood over my soul. That night after it was quiet, by the light of a candle so as not to awaken Theresa, I wrote the first poem I had indited on American soil. I quote it here:

THE STOCKYARD UNVISITED

I did not see the stockyards in Chicago.
Didn't you? What a pity! What a pity!
No, I didn't see them, but I smelled them, felt them,
And oh, I seemed to *be* that dripping flesh,
Blood red, scarlet, quivering like a banner
Boasting the mechanistic cruelty of this land,
Torturing my poor soul. *I did not see!*
And yet I know too well the awful sound
Of countless squealing pigs, of dying porkers.
Alas! To think that this great stench of death
That broods above the literary centre, Chicago,
Must needs be smelled in order, oh my soul,
That innocent men should down a good pork pie!

I read it to them all as they came down for breakfast the next morning; but, though impressed, they did not seem pleased. Mrs. Dowdy assured me it was because they recognized the stunning truth of it, that they were for the moment depressed. What a wonderful hostess she is, always saying

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the right thing at the right moment, and putting a fellow completely at his ease. Punchinello Bones was quite tactless about it. He assured me that the rhythm was faulty, and that if I should study my own countryman, Walter de la Mare, I might, in time, become a poet. He forgot of course that I make no pretensions in that direction.

As we were all seated in the drawing room listening to a young man read his poetry, there was the sound as of the clanging of a brass bell. Each and every person in the room stood up and ran to the door.

"It's Mrs. Gardner's signal!" shouted Mrs. Dowdy. "Come on down to the lake!"

There we were, trooping toward the shore of Lake Michigan, where we saw a huge platform, about which stormed mobs of people clad in bathing suits. On the platform stood a vivid figure, in an orange bathing suit and a black hat with drooping feathers. She was whirling a stick above her head and rapidly beating the gong.

"Pardon me", I gasped in my breathless flight, "but what is she doing?"

"Collecting a crowd for you, of course!" shouted Mrs. Dowdy a trifle crossly over my shoulder. "Everyone comes just as soon as they hear the bell. Besides, she's probably sold more of your books than any other woman in the world. Isn't her hat lovely?"

"Literary people shouldn't wear bathing suits," said a voice in my ear. It was a low voice, and I turned around to see a pair of deep eyes gazing at me from under a black cap. "This is all bunk; come on with me to the movies, Tubby. I'll show you a thing or two. Have you seen 'Caligari'?"

I scarcely had a chance to nod at the gentleman, for Mrs. Dowdy had seized me and was dragging me through the howling populace toward the platform. It was like a strange dream, in which grotesque figures move. I felt myself swayed here and there.

Suddenly I saw Larry Lansing stride across the platform. He cleared his throat and spoke lingeringly:

"It is a privilege to welcome Mr. Tubby. Here we all are, all of artistic Chicago, coming to greet you at the sound of Luella Gardner's bell. Look at us. Are we not impressive? And how we do appreciate one another. Here we work strongly for the common good. There is no backbiting, no jealousy. We are out to serve the common good. Visitors to America should come directly to Chicago, where they would be led to understand the true heart of America. Of course, they could stop off a moment at New York on the way back. Mr. Tubby, we salute you, about to die or not!"

I went forward and spoke a few words, which were completely drowned by cheers when I referred to Chicago as the home of the budding genius. I had meant to make it plural but, not being sure of the proper plural form, I used a paltry singular. How fortunate! For later I found that everyone there considered himself or herself the bud to whom I referred. It was one of those magnificent strokes of accidental diplomacy for which I am famous.

Luella Gardner leaned forward and gave me one of her famous ravishing smiles.

"Don't tire yourself, dear old topper, but mix! Mix and talk! It sells books."

It was not so much a question of mixing as of being mixed.

First came a sweet and smiling

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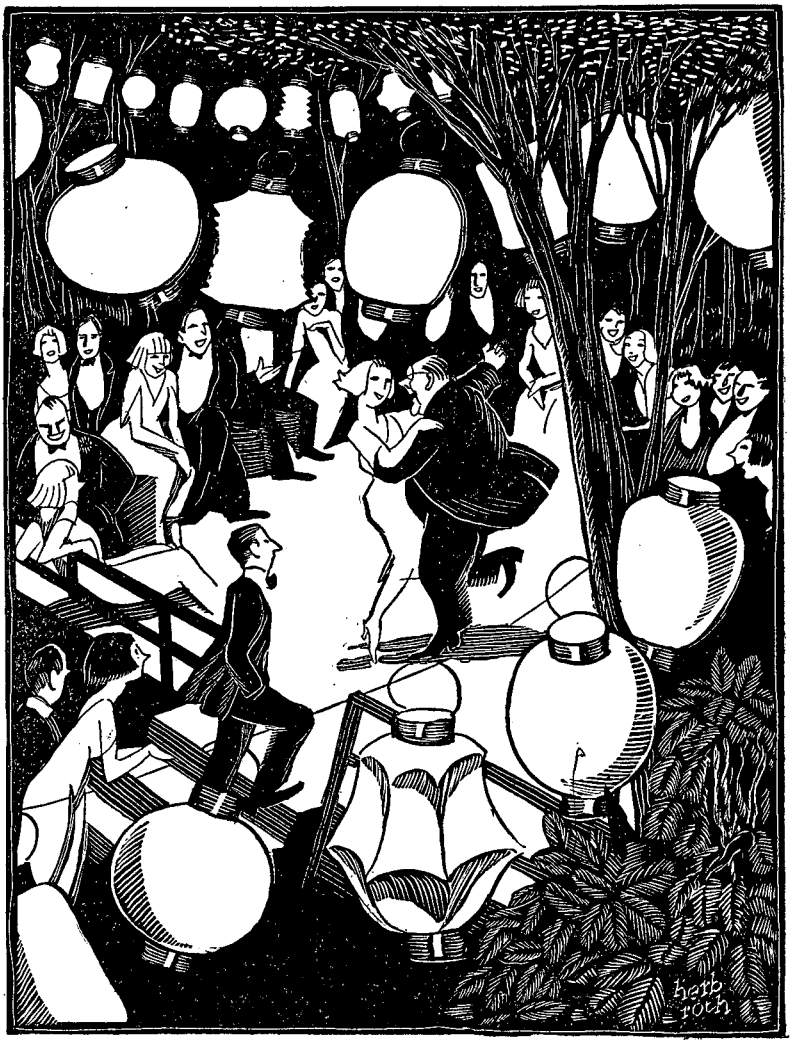

"I felt both embarrassed and at sea"

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figure of a woman who introduced herself as the mother of American poetry. She was entirely surrounded by young ladies and young gentlemen, clothed in white bathing suits, with a sprig of myrtle worn on the brow. This cult at first frightened me; but when I found that each one had a little poem to read to me, I was naturally quite touched. True, I failed to understand most of the poems. One young man in particular puzzled me much.

"This", and the mother patted him gently on the myrtle sprig, "is the newest of the new. He expresses himself in the etchiest of etched words. Do listen. You know, *we* are what makes Chicago the *literary mecca.*"

" 'Passion' ", announced the young poet, then repeated his title: " 'Passion'!"

He went on: *"Great light suddenly fluid."*

There was silence. I waited. We all waited. Then, seeing that we waited, the mother spoke.

"That's all. Isn't it superb?" We all murmured. The ladies made approving sounds, being careful that they should not be distinguishable, for fear that the young man's publishers might hear and quote them, and there were few present in that assemblage whose opinions would not be valuable.

At that moment there edged through the crowd a stalwart gentleman. On his arm was a stalwart lady. They brushed aside the mother and her cult and introduced a group of short-haired ladies and long-haired gentlemen who carried long yellow quills behind their ears.

"We believe in organization," the stalwart gentleman shouted confidentially. "It is by our earnest effort to bind together the booklovers of the land that we have created Chicago, the literary centre. There has always been something magical in the fraternal order, its bonds are more binding than even those of matrimony, and when the seal of the order is a book, any book, many books, there exists an unbreakable unity which cannot but be recognized as a power in the world of letters. Now, you see, Mr. Tubby —"

"Heah! Heah!" and a young man ran up. He was a most elegant young man. He brushed aside the stalwart gentleman with one splendid motion of an elegant cane, a motion which did not stop him from making occasional passes with a crayon at a sketching pad which he was carrying. He presented me with a large violet envelope.

"An invitation", he announced, "to the *real literary centre* of America — Evanston! We boast at least two popular authors and we are the seat of that noble organization, the Drama League; surely you have heard of the Drama League."

I could but shake my head.

"Well", and the young man cleared his throat, "it's an organization founded to do away with entertainment in the theatre and to encourage uplift. It has done wonders by introducing spelling games into vaudeville programs. You've no idea —"

Whereupon, even before I had a chance to open the purple missive, a dark young man with eye glasses, nervous hands, and quick speech, came rushing up, followed by several young ladies and gentlemen, each bearing a pile of books. Back of them I could see Luella Gardner looking a trifle worried. They arranged themselves in a row and began throwing the books at me. This was odd; but it didn't matter much, as the volumes never hit me.

"What's the matter?" I asked in

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surprise of the dark young man.

"Why", he replied, "we're only demonstrating how it is that we booksellers have made Chicago America's literary centre. We literally throw the books at the public. Each one of us has his or her method. It doesn't much matter. I talk rapidly all the while I'm throwing them. Yet somehow I succeed in throwing a tremendous amount. Rose there, actually reads, while those three young men from three of our leading stores are masters of the art of eye soulfulness. They throw mostly at flappers. Consequently their glances at you are not quite so effective. Then, of course, there's Fanny. She just smiles. Her smile is quite different from Luella's, and her taste in millinery is not nearly so good; nevertheless, she's effective. Now I —"

Bang! Whirr! Bang! Up rode an outlandish semi-naked figure on a mechanical hobby horse. It wore a smock and talked loudly and vehemently.

"Why haven't you been down to visit the Mustard Plaster?" it shouted. "We're the literary centre of the world — art, religion, politics, free love, and culture while you wait — who dares say any of the rest of these guys do anything? We don't do *much* and, by gollywompus, we shock 'em anyway! Come on down to —"

I was commencing to feel decidedly bewildered, when I felt Larry Lansing's welcome and strong hand on my arm.

"We'll leave Theresa with Mrs. Dowdy," he whispered. "My car's waiting. I'll take you to lunch. You're scheduled for two luncheons today. Have to make 'em both, too, c'mon!"

He half dragged me to the waiting motor. The crowd followed, waving farewells. The car jerked to a swift start, then stopped. There were more farewells. Again we started, this time with a terrific jounce. A wheel came off. We sank gracefully to one side. All rushed to aid Larry, except those who stayed behind to comfort me with talk of the books they were planning to write. Finally, with renewed vigor and the restored wheel, we were on our way. Larry explained to me his theory of artistic driving. "Never hit anything", he said, "but don't drive in a straight line; parabolas are more graceful, and grace is of prime importance in all things."

It was an absorbing pastime to figure just how graceful Larry's curves could be without hitting each passing car. However, after several starts, stops, and whirls, we arrived at a dingy saloon, or what used to be a saloon, on a side street.

Inside, banging their fists on a round wooden table in regular rhythm, sat a dozen men. They were in their shirt sleeves, with the exception of one gentleman who was clad in a saffron shooting jacket.

"This is the bunch," Larry explained. "They are the ones who really control the literary destinies of America."

They made a place for me. I was immediately presented with a frankfurter on a plate and one of my own books. Looking in the book, I was surprised to see that it was written all over with pictures of me and insulting remarks about me.

"Hold your own," someone commanded. "It's only a little custom. Someday these autographs will be valuable, even yours!"

I wrote my chaste signature, somewhat stiffly; for I was puzzled by their chaff. As I wrote a little man with large eyes was whispering. I could

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not hear him. He stopped. There were roars of laughter. I looked up, puzzled.

"It's only Keith's jokes," Larry explained. "We don't dare tell you, because we don't yet know your shock absorbing capacity. Now everyone stop, Ben wants to talk."

A dark man with sparkling eyes began to speak.

"This is real conversation," Larry assured me.

I presume that he was right. In America conversation means one of two things. Either one man does all the talking or everyone talks at once. It is stimulating though confusing. I should always prefer to talk when everyone else was talking. After Ben had talked for twenty minutes Larry rang a bell. That was a signal for everyone to talk. I began to talk also, but every time I started everyone else stopped. This happened several times. When they observed that I really had nothing to say the flow of their voices commenced again. I had just mentioned the revered name of our late queen, when the gentleman with the black cap and the deep eyes whom I had met at the bathing party leaped upon the table. He stamped his feet.

"Waddyamean, Queen Victoria?" he shouted. "I ask you, waddyamean? *I'll fight you!*"

Now, let it not be said that Timothy Tubby ever refused to fight, certainly not when the name of our great queen was taken in vain. Adjusting my necktie, therefore, I rose. I let drive with my right; but due to a miscalculation arising probably from the astigmatic condition of my eyes, I missed. I remembered the accounts of the Carpentier-Dempsey fight. I should emulate the gallant Georges. I braced myself to receive the inevitable blow. Just then, I was lifted bodily from the floor and carried off.

When I recovered my composure I found myself again in Larry's car driving madly to keep our other luncheon appointment at the Tissue Paper Club. There, I immediately recognized that I was in more respectable society; for the table had a cloth and the servants wore clean aprons. On my right was a veteran novelist, on my left a veteran bookseller who leaned over to whisper in my ear, "This is the good solid opinion that backs Chicago as a literary centre." I nodded. This nod that one cultivates in America has since given me much trouble. It developed incipient spinal difficulties. The veteran novelist rose.

"We have with us today", he began, "two celebrities: Bobbie Best, the great American poet, known to every home in the United States, and Timothy Tubby, the famous British novelist. First, let's hear from Bobbie. Who shall say that he is not a great poet, when his verses touch the heart of the American busy man?"

Mr. Best arose, looked to right and left, then recited a poem:

> The sentiment that hurts my heart
> As I stand here today,
> Is thinking of my home and hearth,
> Dear Mother's far away;
> Dear Mother's far away, my men,
> But oh how near to me!
> Be cheerful for her sake, my men,
> I know that you'll agree!

There were shouts of approval. The walls were assailed with "Bravo's".

"He touches the rhythm of life itself," someone whispered. Then it was my turn. I arose.

"The thing that has impressed me most since my arrival in Chicago", I began, "is the fact that it is the literary centre of the United States. *(Cheers.)* Why it is the centre, I do not yet know; but it is the centre.

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(More cheers.) Every young writer in America should move to Chicago. *(Still more cheers.)* Every writer in England should move to Chicago. *(More and more cheers.)* I am beginning to feel that Chicago, under the spell of the stockyards, is the literary hub of the world. *(Deafening cheers.)"*

I sat down. With one motion, they lifted me to their shoulders. Down Michigan Avenue they bore me, while little girls strewed flowers in my path.

"He has discovered Chicago," they sang, and bus drivers took up the burden of their song and it echoed across the waters of the lake —

"Shee-caw-go — a hub, a literary centre."

"You must dress for dinner now," Larry Lansing explained as I climbed down from the shoulders of my admirers. "You are attending a dance at Lake Forest this evening, after which you must catch the train for New York. Alas, that you cannot live and write here forever."

Thus far I have not turned my attention to a discussion of American society. However, in passing, I should note that Chicago seems to be the social centre of America, as well as the literary centre. At least, so I was told. Arriving at a country club in Lake Forest, which is the summer colony of many members of Chicago's so called "gold coast", I found it difficult to make myself known. There was much noise, many lights, and an atmosphere of gaiety; yet somehow I felt a distinct chill. This was not, evidently, the place for literature. For a time Theresa and I watched.

The dancing was on a platform near the golf links. Most of the people wandered off across the greens. Was it because they did not enjoy dancing? No; because those who stayed seemed to enter into it with a superb and almost Latin abandon. This was difficult to understand. Theresa finally discovered the hostess, and I was left alone with nothing at all to do but to twirl my monocle. I am afraid that I was a pathetic sight, for very soon I saw a young lady detach herself from a group of gay youngsters and mince across the floor toward me. She was dressed in bright green. She must have been very young indeed, for her skirts only reached to her knees or a little above, I forget which. From her ears hung long pendants of jade.

"Oh Mr. Tubby!" she shouted. "I recognized you from your pictures. I write, too. Do you dance? I'll teach you if you don't. I write epigrams. Do you ever write epigrams? And what do you think of Lake Forest — you know, it's the literary as well as the social centre of America. Well, come on old boy, here we go for a fox trot!"

Now I had never attempted the modern steps. It is quite true, as Theresa avers, that I was only a moderately adequate dancer in the days of the old-fashioned waltz; so when this alarming young creature flung herself into my arms I felt both embarrassed and at sea. She pressed her cheek against mine.

"Just relax", she whispered, "then do anything you want to with your feet. You must. They are all watching. Love and dancing, when mixed, are the best of cocktails. That's one of my epigrams. Isn't it a peach? Ataboy — keep going — keep moving — now, dream into it old dear, let'er hum, they think we're grand. A kiss is like a soap bubble, beautiful while it lasts. That's another of my epigrams. How long are you staying in Chicago, and isn't it a beautiful night."

Someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was a nice looking young man. He

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smiled. What was I to do? I kept on dancing. He frowned. The green young lady laughed and offered no advice.

"May I cut in, sir?" he thundered.

I stopped dancing to consider the meaning of his request. To my surprise he danced away with my partner. These things I do not understand.

At this moment I saw Larry Lansing rushing across the lawn.

"Your train!" he shouted. "You'll miss it."

At that instant, far across the dancing floor, I observed a familiar figure, clad in flowered satin. At the same moment she observed me. I could see that she was about to speak to me; but Larry grabbed me by one hand and Theresa by the other and started across the lawn.

"Mr. Tubby, *Mis*ter Tubby!" came agitated cries. We had just leaped into the car when the elaborately gowned woman threw herself upon the dashboard and clung there piteously.

"Don't you know me? I'm Mrs. Camberry, president of the Pencil-crafters. I'm leaving for New York tonight and I almost missed my train. *Will* you see that I make it, and we can have another *nice* little talk. We can discuss Chicago as a literary centre."

They say that they helped her into the car. I do not know. I had sunk into a delightful state of coma, in which visions of a huge wheel composed of books and having for its centre the Chicago stockyards, revolved with flaming colors in the dark.

HOMERIC RETROSPECT

By Harry Kemp

I SAW blind Homer by the oceanside:
He dreamed of furrowing ships and voyaged men
That left the hearths where peace and love abide
To plunge the embattled shock of life again . . .
Peril that burns the soul clean, watches kept
With unseen gods, till heroes they had grown,
Becoming part of distant seas they swept
And every fronting action they had known:
Glad with the motion of the world's affairs,
They taughtened sails for wind, they rode the tide;
Wonder went with them; living joy was theirs;
Song was their good bedfellow for a bride, —
And Beauty, that blind, passionate child of God,
Walking ahead, their ways to brightness trod!

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of the new fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

TWO DEAD MEN—Jens Anker—*Knopf.* A particularly live detective story with a straight Sherlock Holmes finish.

THE RETURN OF ALFRED—The Author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster"—*Doran.* British humor based on the dear old theme of mistaken identity. Romance, small brother, village characters all according to the familiar pattern.

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Old Arnold himself, disguised as Mr. Prohack, turns loose his wealth of humorous worldly wisdom concerning money, the flapper, turkish baths, etc. An amusing story, but of course not by quite the same man who wrote "The Old Wives' Tale".

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* A romance of modern London told with a rare old-fashioned gift for sheer yarn spinning.

THE FLAMING JEWEL—Robert W. Chambers—*Doran.* A curiously adolescent revival of the old hero, heroine, and villain stuff in a wild outdoors melodrama.

THE HOUNDS OF BANBA—Daniel Corkery—*Huebsch.* Real knowledge of the Irish and flavor from their isle, unusual in being seriously homely, pervade these well constructed tales of Erin's revolution.

I WALKED IN ARDEN—Jack Crawford—*Knopf.* A simple love story with occasional variations and an attempted murder.

SAREEL—Edith Dart—*Boni, Liveright.* First class and unusual. A girl of the Devonshire downs, and two gentlemen with possibilities.

THE VANISHING POINT—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan.* European names and settings mixed with an eye for story value and displaying a deteriorating Dawson.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper.* An abnormal marriage, its wild jealousy and its strange psychology, competently presented.

*WAY OF REVELATION—Wilfrid Ewart—*Appleton.* It is too bad that a widespreading antipathy to war stories will limit the popularity of this sane (for the most part) story which has resulted from considerable honest observation.

(See page 633.)

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*THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner.* A male flapper and a female flapper tangled in matrimonial problems. A strong ironical picture.

*RAVENSDENE COURT—J. S. Fletcher—*Knopf.* Starting with a dual murder, Mr. Fletcher unravels his patchwork quilt with amazing skill, then sews it together again. The best work of this master of detective fiction, with quaint atmosphere, thrills, mystery, and love.

THE LOVE-STORY OF ALIETTE BRUNTON—Gilbert Frankau—*Century.* The limitations of English divorce laws are responsible for a generally tense story, far better done than most of the summer's output.

THE SECRET PARTNER—Elizabeth Frazer—*Holt.* An easy-to-read book with delightful details about a tyrannical father, a strong-willed daughter, a business antagonist, and a lover.

A SON OF THE SAHARA—Louise Gerard—*Macaulay.* More desert appeal—chiefly from horseback.

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME—Ellen Glasgow—*Doubleday, Page.* Middle age keeps a stiff upper lip despite an unkind fate while youth dances along to Cupid's piping.

MAN AND MAID—Elinor Glyn—*Lippincott.* Sex laid on with a trowel. Little else.

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper.* Deadly enemies in deadly deeds of daring. Love thrown in for good measure.

THE RUSTLE OF SILK—Cosmo Hamilton—*Little, Brown.* As shimmering socially and a little more penetrating than its author's usual product.

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin.* A story of the clash of a man's will with a woman's which is considered by many to be an artistic advance over other novels by its author.

*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* Simple peasant love, simply and beautifully expressed.

CYTHEREA—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* The somewhat clouded sex emotions of a middle aged, golf playing, country club member.

THE CITY OF FIRE—Grace Livingston Hill—*Lippincott.* Laura Jean Libby with a modern setting.

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Does it matter if the early west's history is distorted a bit so long as good thrills result?

*ABBÉ PIERRE—Jay William Hudson—*Appleton.* The quiet romance of a French girl and an American boy seen through the vision of a mellow Gascon priest.

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THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* Desert passion, adroitly appealing to starved emotions.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* Were you ever misunderstood? Perhaps that partly explains the popularity of this brilliantly executed story of Mark Sabre's joys and sorrows.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* Good writing concerning shattering ideals and the somewhat detailed sinnings of an army chaplain.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* Financial webs in California where the Japanese problem is newer than the fiction conventions of young and romantic love.

WILD WOMEN—Janet Lee—*N. L. Brown.* The diary of a sixteen year old with a volcanic temperament and a family that misunderstands.

SLIMTONIAN SOCKER—Everett MacDonald—*Jacobs.* Hardly a sublety in it, but now and then the humor is worth a laugh, and, more often, a smile.

THE HOUSE OF SOULS—Arthur Machen—*Knopf.* Weird short stories of the supernatural. Well written and at least fifty per cent of the ideas comprehensible.

DA SILVA'S WIDOW—Lucas Malet—*Dodd, Mead.* Bits of worn melodrama smartly dressed and given an introduction in English society.

THE GARDEN PARTY AND OTHER STORIES—Katherine Mansfield—*Knopf.* Interestingly different from most of today's stories are these too honest portrayals of normal humans and their faults.

BIG PETER—Archibald Marshall—*Dodd, Mead.* A new type of novel for Mr. Marshall—the well told story of a male Cinderella sprung from the Australian bush.

RUSSIANS ABROAD—Margery Mayo—*Stratford.* An unpleasant family faithfully depicted, Gorky-wise. With a pretty girl and a young American tutor for leaven, the family is palatable.

*THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY—A. A. Milne—*Dutton.* Humor and humanness are the unusual contributions brought to the detective story by this jack of all literary trades and master of most. Mystery and thrills, of course.

DAUGHTERS OF FIRE—Gérard de Nerval, translated by James Whitall—*N. L. Brown.* Bits of love taken from French life, clean and entertaining.

BRASS—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* Disastrous and difficult and dangerous is marriage! Should be a warning to bachelors.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Kathleen Norris—*Dutton.* Smoothly flowing episodes draped about the old love triangle.

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THE GREAT PRINCE SHAN—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Melodramatic prophecies in a plot of oriental richness and color.

KIMONO—John Paris—*Boni, Liveright.* Shocks with a Japanese background.

*INDELIBLE—Eliot H. Paul—*Houghton Mifflin.* A powerful study of racial temperaments, youthful enthusiasm, and artistic emotion.

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page.* Nature and the Japanese problem interwoven.

*VANDEMARK'S FOLLY—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Jake Vandemark, colonist, a picturesque and appealing figure of the old middle west.

MAN-SIZE—William MacLeod Raine—*Houghton Mifflin.* Northwestern thrills, fatigue-proof for seekers of this type of story.

THE CRYSTAL COFFIN—Maurice Rostand, translated by Alys Eyre Macklin—*McBride.* A morbid tale of intellectual forces holding father and son apart, marked by frequent pages of both strong and delicate writing.

DESERT DUST—Edwin L. Sabin—*Jacobs.* A raw easterner being cooked under the much fictionized sinful heat of the pioneering west.

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE AND OTHER STORIES—Arthur Schnitzler, translated by O. F. Theis—*N. L. Brown.* The facility of an artist who knows his work—and worth—touches these delightful stories with an appreciable charm.

BENNETT MALIN—Elsie Singmaster—*Houghton Mifflin.* A character study that reminds one of the genial penetration of Milne's "The Truth About Blayds".

DANCERS IN THE DARK—Dorothy Speare—*Doran.* A picture of the feminine younger generation told with an eye to ideals as well as an understanding of follies.

*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Another ramble through youth and adolescence, with enough pungent humor to preserve its rare quality in the midst of dangerous sentiment.

CROSS CURRENTS—Katharine Haviland Taylor—*Jacobs.* In crossing, these currents of love create only an ordinary spark which makes the book just one of many.

*THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* A good story of hope, love, and human frailty, told with a Wellsian use of psychological meanderings.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* Mr. Wright not at his best telling his usual story of heart appeal.

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CUIVRE DORE

By Adelaide Manola Hughes

I WANT Crimson and Purple,
I want crash of Sound in curious cadence,
And strange language in my ears;
I want to inhale the unknown;
But I am tied to the Pots and Pans of Life.

I want to hunt treasures in the Bazaars of Stamboul.
I want to ride into the blue of the Kashmir Mountains.
I want to sail in a junk around the great sea wall of China;
But behind a barricade of duty,
I live in Walla Falls.

I want to own a worm-eaten Italian carved-wood desk
Of the Sixteenth Century.
But I have a new golden-oak wood writing-table
Made in Michigan.
I want an inlaid tulip-wood commode
Made in the Louis XV day,
"Mounted in cuivre dore, with rocaille handles,
Serpentine front, escutcheons knees and toes
Topped in white marble veined in grey."
I have a bird's-eye maple one
With shiny brass handles
And a rack for towels.

I want to travel far and wide
I want to meet the Unexpected
To see the trees, flowers, and birds, that I have never seen.

I shall live here always
At Walla Falls —
Always!
For I shall never have the things I cannot have.
But I can read about them.

And dream of them

And — I can say, what I want!

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Superb Irony

ALDOUS HUXLEY has again proved himself a wizard of irony in "Mortal Coils" (Doran). These humorous, skilful, bitter, brilliant stories are like glowing robes of satin lined with haircloth, shimmering yet irritating. They catch you unaware and deal a blow in a vital spot. This seems to me a more satisfying book even than "Crome Yellow". "The Gioconda Smile" is a story that ranks with the best of de Maupassant. Its development is masterly. The style is fluid, bright, and striking. "Permutations among the Nightingales" is subtler and terrible in its strange understanding of the psychology of hollow loves, or perhaps Mr. Huxley would say, of the hollowness of all loves. "The Tillotson Banquet", a satire on the social patrons of art, might be screamingly funny to some and grotesquely piteous to others. "Green Tunnels" I do not understand; but "Nuns at Luncheon" is one of those pieces of writing that challenge analysis. Its effect on the mind is electric — the words that paint the great and passionate tragedy both horrify and amuse at the same time. The method of drawing a portrait of a person by making him the mouthpiece for a story is not new, nor is it easy. Here Huxley has done it admirably. While you cannot call "Mortal Coils" a pleasant book, it is yet an exceedingly humorous one. If Huxley is not already the most brilliant living writer of satire in English, he is rapidly maturing, and if he deepens as rapidly in the future as he has in the past two years, he will have a wide and clear field in which to be splendidly alone.

Soliloquies and Opinions

PUBLICITY consciousness, age consciousness, sex consciousness: these we may find around every corner, but how rare in these days is the philosophical mind. To watch the tremors of life around, to smile, to fit the action knowingly and tolerantly into a perspective built on the knowledge of ages; this is a peace that is almost past understanding. To read George Santayana's essays is almost equivalent to feeling that way yourself. What a brilliant vision! What a quiet understanding! "Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies" (Scribner) is packed with knowledge, wisdom, and beauty. Is there a more perfectly rounded style among writers of English today? There is the gentle humor of "Dons", the depth of wisdom in "Friendships", the grasp of philosophy in "Liberalism and Culture". This is an adventure in prophecy, and how quickly most other modern books fade out beside it. I should like to quote, without comment, one paragraph:

> The days of liberalism are numbered. First the horrors of competition discredited it, and now the trial of war, which it foolishly thought it could elude. The vogue of culture, too, has declined. We see that the man whose success is merely personal — the actor, the sophist, the millionaire, the æsthete — is incurably vulgar. The rightness of liberalism is exactly proportional to the diversity of human nature, to its vague hold

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on its ideals. Where this vagueness and play of variation stop, and they stop not far below the surface, the sphere of public organization should begin. It is in the subsoil of uniformity, of tradition, of dire necessity that human welfare is rooted, together with wisdom and unaffected art, and the flowers of culture that do not draw their sap from that soil are only paper flowers.

"The Opinions of Anatole France" recorded by Paul Gsell and translated by Ernest A. Boyd (Knopf), is a volume that contrasts oddly with Santayana's. M. Bergeret (whose nom de plume is "France") is wise, too; but it is with the pungent, intuitive, almost feminine wisdom of the French. In this really very gay as well as wise book, we have anecdote and conversation at its best. Rodin talks, too, and Remy de Gourmont, and charmingly stupid Professor Brown, and Josephine the maid, and young poets and academicians — they all talk, and it is good talk — even a trifle Rabelaisian at times. Here is a brilliant retort to academicians. France has just said that politics have much to do with literary reputations. "You must admit", he says, "that literature has very little to do with literary reputations." Then to the retort, "Well, isn't that absurd?" he replies:

> No indeed. It is not so absurd. Do you think that it shows any superiority on the part of scribblers that they should isolate themselves in some little corner and fumble for words, rehash epithets and polish phrases, without a thought for the world about them? I think it is rather an infirmity.

Perhaps the most impressive statement he makes in the entire volume is that shot out at poor Professor Brown, who has come to him wishing to analyze genius. What is the secret of great writing?

> Great writers have not mean souls. That, Mr. Brown, is all their secret.

They profoundly love their fellow-men. They are generous — they do not limit their affections. They pity all suffering, and strive to soothe it. They take compassion on the poor players who perform in the comic tragedy, or the tragi-comedy, of destiny. Pity, you see, is the very basis of genius, Professor.

The Intimate Effects of War

THOSE persons who found "Three Soldiers" disturbing should find in Wildfrid Ewart's "Way of Revelation" (Appleton) a satisfying antidote. The attitude with which this Englishman approaches the war problem is the conventional one which most of us had during the war. He has an understanding, too, of its horrors and injustices. This is not only a good psychological study, it is a good story also, and it is that almost phenomenon in these times, a *full length novel* in the true sense of the phrase, in which there is time for character development over a period of time and for a satisfyingly long gallery of events. It is a picture, too, of modern English society which, if it is a true picture — and its London popularity would indicate that — is not so different from American society. Eric and Adrian and their love affairs, the "artistic" set, the actual aristocracy, life at the front, death, love, the drug habit, and final happiness: all these are woven together in a style which, if not brilliant, is adequate and pleasant. The brilliance and real charm of this truly remarkable novel lie in the author's understanding of the effect of war on various types of men: the sensitive, the emotional but normal, the cold-blooded normal, the subnormal member of the mass. It perhaps may be said that this book is written from the officer's

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viewpoint; but I think it might better be said, from the usual viewpoint; and if we miss the fervor of Dos Passos, it is compensated for by the broad tolerance of a man who is probably much older.

The Psychology of Writing

AS the public interest in various branches of psychology increases, doubtless the psychology of genius will come more and more clearly to be understood. Finally no one will dare acknowledge that he is a genius, for the mere boasting of it may be the first psychological proof of the fact. At any rate, this subject, even now, is producing some entertaining reading, particularly interesting to the writer or the would be writer. The best of the lot so far is "On English Poetry" by Robert Graves (Knopf). Arranged in hodgepodge fashion, it nevertheless contains much that is wise, cleverly said, concerning men of genius. For example, it is only a brave and a wise man who dares say: "The art of poetry consists in knowing exactly how to manipulate the letter S." It is generally supposed that an artist must be a sort of extra-moral person, almost anti-moral, so to speak. It's a relief to me, at least, to see a man with courage enough to point out the fact that art to exist must conform, willy nilly, and to point it out without whining.

Art is not moral, but civilized man has invented the word to denote a standard of conduct which the mass demands of the individual and so poetry which makes a definitely anti-moral appeal is likely to antagonize two readers out of three straight away, and there is little hope of playing the confidence trick on an enemy. Being therefore addressed to a limited section even of the smallish class who read poetry, such poetry will tend like most high-brow art to have more dexterity than robustness.

Now "Plots and Personalities" (Century), by Edwin E. Slosson and June E. Downey, is a more practical and a less penetrating handbook. Here, an attempt is made to show a scientific method of developing the imagination of the writer. How valuable the book is, I don't know. It is vastly entertaining, and opens up possibilities for an entirely new type of parlor game, even better than *bout-rimé*. We are advised to take the personal advertisements from the London "Times", or headlines from the daily papers; by letting our imaginations play around these, we shall be able to discover whether we are gifted or merely pedestrian. There is a useful amount of sound journalistic advice in these pages. The viewpoint expressed in the following amused me. I don't say that it isn't true; but it is, to say the least, heretical.

If any one of the novelettes that fill the fifteen-cent magazines had been printed in the eighteenth century it would now be considered by critics to have been a work of genius, a marvel of vivacity, ingenuity and human interest, and it would be required reading as a classic for entrance to college.

The critics would be quite right. Only a genius could have produced such works two hundred years ago but nowadays any diligent writer can turn them out by the bale. In the fifteenth century only a genius in navigation could cross the Atlantic but any common captain can do it now. Columbus has shown how to stand the egg on its end. An automobile would have been a miracle a century ago. It is as easy now to forge Kipling as to forge Corot. A skilful writer of no originality could write a story of Indian life that if it could have been inserted in that unique volume of "Plain Tales from the Hills" would not appear incongruous from inferiority.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE IMPULSE OF IRONY

By Louis Untermeyer

AS the literature of a nation progresses from naïveté to sophistication, its increasing intellectuality begins to sound the overtones of irony. Such progress is sharply illustrated in the very contradictory phases of our own poetry. A generation ago, the ladies of our land were singing faintly and in sweetly plashing platitudes. Today — witness the edged concision of such women's work as H. D.'s, Edna Millay's, Sara Teasdale's, Elinor Wylie's, Louise Bogan's, Winifred Welles's — the temper is almost opposed; a fresh vigor finds its expression in more and more intellectual condensations. It luxuriates in lyrics that are frequently as ironic as they are introspective. This impulse of irony assumes a strange variety of almost opposed forms; it colors the work of modernists of every school, of temperaments as far apart as, for example, Robert Nathan's and Maxwell Bodenheim's.

In Robert Nathan it turns to a hushed bitterness — as any reader of "Autumn" might imagine. It is scarcely even as harsh an expression as that; it is, rather, the reflection of an ironically lifted eyebrow, a resigned shrug, a deprecating but scarcely damning gesture. The tiny verses in the few pages of "Youth Grows Old" suffer from their very quietness of tone; they are pitched in too low a key to attain any particular lyric heights. The title suggests something more than a chance relation to the far richer "Autumn" and it is therefore not strange to find that three of the quaintest poems in the new volume are taken from the prose pages of the older one. It is this mood of restrained poignance that the author reproduces best, and one instinctively prefers the verses of the fictional Mr. Jeminy to those of the actual Mr. Nathan. For all the charm of lines like "At the Symphony", "The Poet is Left to Himself", and the delightful trio from the novel, one (at least) hopes that Mr. Nathan will not be deceived in the matter of his medium. Nor is it meant to be anything less than a tribute to his quality that this particular, prejudiced commentator considers the author of "Autumn" more a poet in his prose than in his rhymes.

Maxwell Bodenheim has no such diminuendos. He allows the ironic impulse to dictate its harshest accents and, true to the technique of a race that has fed on frustration, intensifies them. His is an acrobatic mind that juggles a dozen mixed or mad metaphors in curious congruity, balancing itself upon the points of emotion with a mordant grimace. Bodenheim, for all his macabre experiments, is sure of his footing, and his agility, because of the very precariousness of his position, is fascinating. He is sometimes garrulous, grotesque, narcistic, verbally dandified, frequently irritating, seldom unintelligible. He may be — and, at times, is — precious and perverse, but he is, none the less (possibly all the more), provocative. Let those who find Bodenheim merely a malicious phrase-twister read such clear though intricate mood analyses as

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"Jack Rose", "Turmoil in a Morgue", "Two Sonnets to My Wife", the second and seventh of "Finalities"; let a scoffer of the "new" poetry examine the brutal vividness of "Summer Evening: New York Subway-Station" matched by the light satire of "Uneasy Reflections". Let him observe the peculiar texture of the prose that concludes the volume or the deftness of some of the monologues which, like "Meditations in a Cemetery", contain reflections as acidly sharpened as:

The tombstones around my path
Have been crisply visited by names
To which they bear no relation.
Imagine the perturbation
Of a stone removed
From the comprehension of a mountain
And branded with the name of A. Rozinsky!

Such examples and the still more patent brilliance of too cleverly constructed chains of epigrams ("Impulsive Dialogue" is one of the most arresting), cannot disguise the admission that their poet is in continual danger of being his own parodist. He coddles and croons over his idiom. He enjoys a little too much and somewhat too self-consciously the paradoxical mating of adverbs and adjectives, adjectives and nouns that ordinarily would shrink from each other: he delights in such forced marriages as "cold elation", "meek verbosity", "noisy thinness", "deftly tepid", "tactful lustres", "limpid warehouse". Technically too, his rhythms often betray him. He is not yet at ease in the formal measures; a piece like "Seaweed from Mars", jarring with an intrusion of flat feet and false quantities, is a tumble of awkwardly interfering metres. If Bodenheim can find a restraint and a surer sense of music to match his indubitable originality, he may well . . . But I have not been called upon to speak with the accents of prophecy. "Introducing Irony" speaks with its own, altogether definite voice.

Youth Grows Old. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride and Co.
Introducing Irony. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright.

THE INDIAN AS HE IS

By Nelson Antrim Crawford

THE average white man's conception of the Indian is made up of a series of stereotypes based on one sided school histories, on the fiction of James Fenimore Cooper, and on old wives' tales handed down through generations. More authentic information has for some years been available, but only in formidable treatises on ethnology, which appal the ordinary reader.

"American Indian Life" is the first realistic publication on the subject adapted for popular reading. Edited by Elsie Clews Parsons and contributed to by some of the best known anthropologists in the United States and Canada, the volume represents not only popular appeal, but authentic scholarship, the results of detailed personal investigation into the objective facts of the everyday and the exceptional events of Indian life.

The introduction, by Professor A. L. Kroeber of the University of California, is the best brief historical and ethnological discussion of the American Indians which has yet been published. The author traces the development of the Indian race from the entrance of proto-Mongoloid man into America from Asia approximately ten thousand years ago down through the rise, dominance, and decay of a series

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of significant culture centres. He treats also of the methods of ethnological study and the subjects — such as economics — with respect to which it is still deficient. Moreover, Mr. Kroeber writes entertainingly: he could write an accurate history of the American Indian that would be as readable as Wells or Van Loon.

The volume proper comprises twenty-seven contributions, chiefly stories, representing twenty-three of the more than two hundred tribes in North America. In each case the author, a specialist in the customs of the tribe dealt with, has selected the social facts which he deems characteristic and has woven them into a plot around an imaginary hero or heroine. Religion, war, hunting, government, sexual relations, entertainment, are presented with varying degrees of emphasis. It is the method of Sir Walter Scott, with the emphasis shifted from the story to the background.

The reader gets from each story a series of more or less vivid pictures and some understanding of the physical and mental habits of the tribe in question. As the tribes covered represent the principal centres of Indian culture, one has, upon completion of the volume, an appreciation of the common elements of the racial life. With some exceptions, however, the stories lack both the moving quality of sophisticated romance and the simple charm of primæval narrative. There is more than a suggestion of the method of the school reader which tries to present information sugar coated. That the authors of the volume are primarily scholars rather than writers, is obvious from such a sentence as this: "When about six years old one of my grandfathers made me a bow." The work would have been greatly improved had a number of the stories been rewritten by a trained writer with a feeling for the connotations and implications of English words. Accuracy could have been insured by submitting the rewritten versions to the original authors for approval.

The notes on the tribes dealt with are useful as a dependable guide to further study, though a bibliography of general works on the Indian and notes on all the tribes, whether mentioned in the text or not, would have added to the value of the book. The twenty-three illustrations by C. Grant La Farge, six of them in colors, are striking examples of accurate and artistic use of symbols. They should please both the artistic and the scientific mind. The typography, press-work, and binding of the volume are a credit to American publishing.

American Indian Life. By Several of its Students. Edited by Elsie Clews Parsons. B. W. Huebsch.

RADIO BOOKS FOR RADIO FANS

By Pierre Boucheron

IN the helter-skelter rush to publish radio books and thus ride on the great wave of popularity and monetary remuneration which has stricken this newest of arts, it is good to see a few works which have a real message to deliver. During the past three months, my day has never been complete unless a business associate has approached me with the confidential announcement, "I'm getting out a book on radio." This has invariably been answered by the exclamation, "What, another one!", to which invariably came back the remark, "Yes, but *my*

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book is going to be something entirely *different.*"

After a brief survey of existing models, one arrives at the conclusion that several of these should never have been published. In some cases there has been a too frequent use of the paste pot when exact knowledge was lacking, while in others the authors wrote on the theory that the reader would be as fluent with radio terminology as the average citizen is with the home team's batting average for 1921. To steer a middle course between the technical extreme and the mere story book is a difficult task, true, but that is precisely what the present situation calls for.

Of the fifty-odd books on radio recently published, "Radio for Everybody" by Austin C. Lescarboura stands out as the one book that has been built, so to speak, with the present radio novice in mind. In the first place, it is an entertaining book. It describes the radio waves and how they behave. It tells what apparatus to buy and how to install and operate it. It explains how to transmit radio telephone and radio telegraph messages and signals, which is something that is avoided by most of the other offerings. It contains a number of practical diagrams and sufficient accompanying text so that the reader, even with a mediocre knowledge of electricity and mechanics, is soon familiar with the principles of radio and can arrange his own apparatus from the simplest set to the most elaborate. The radio novice is instructed in the code and is told how to obtain the necessary licenses. From first to last the reader is given a fair training in radio by easy steps, so that he is prepared for the more advanced works which, excellent as they are, do not in all instances come down to the elementary principles. As to the story side, "Radio for Everybody" is not lacking. It records the development of broadcasting and describes how the radiophone can be used in various walks of life. It tells about the remarkable work of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the radio link, the Radio Corporation of America radiogram service, the radio systems of the world, and so on. Indeed, even if the reader never intended installing and operating a radio set, he would still find plenty of interesting matter in this book. Moreover, the maps, code charts, radio symbols, inspection district map, wiring diagrams — all these features indicate that the author himself assembled his own book rather than entrusted his manuscript to others, which is only too often the case.

I like the spirit in which A. Frederick Collins went about writing "The Book of Wireless", which seems to be addressed to the boy rather than to any other individual. He has given a lot of information to the one who wishes to tinker and to make his own. Mr. Collins does not go about it very logically, however. He starts out by describing the construction of a simple "sender" which, by the way, is of such simplicity that it is not a type approved by the United States government inspection service. Transmitters of the present day, whether operated by boy, amateur, or scientist, must be accurately tuned. One cannot "hook up" a spark coil to an antenna and send away to one's heart's content. Then too, we find a great deal of space devoted to apparatus which is no longer necessary nor useful even to boy experimenters. On the other hand, the vacuum tube, the very heart of modern amateur radio, has been entirely overlooked even in the descrip-

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tion of "a long distance wireless set". Your boy of today is not long satisfied with a crystal detector and a single tuning coil. He quickly wishes to use a radio "lamp" in conjunction with a loose coupler or variometers. The ponderous treatise on the use of a potentiometer could easily have been cast aside for some more modern and useful apparatus.

After plowing through several volumes of radio data, I find "The Complete Radio Book" by Raymond Francis Yates and Louis Gerard Pacent somewhat refreshing. Here we have the magic touch of romance, tragedy, history, scientific facts all woven together in a highly interesting and instructive style. Wireless communication is traced back to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Also we stumble upon a hitherto little known and seldom quoted story of the first reputed wireless system. In 1865 Dr. Mahlon Loomis, a dentist of Washington, D. C., operated what he called an "aerial telegraph" on which he applied for a patent July 30, 1872, some twenty years before Marconi's earliest attempts. Dr. Loomis finally died of a broken heart after repeated efforts to attract the attention of a skeptical Congress. Many other facts having to do with radio are given in such fashion that anyone can profit by reading this well illustrated book.

In Lawrence M. Cockaday's "Radio-Telephony for Everyone" we have the uncommon case of a radio engineer — a professional radio man — who has been able sufficiently to detach himself from his subject to consider the beginner. The theory of radio is clearly presented, and followed up with the Aladdin's lamp of radio — the vacuum tube. The aerial is somewhat elaborately described and the numerous types explained in detail. Tuning is next taken up, after which we step into the sending end of radio. Here an effective radio telephone transmitter is presented with specifications and instructions for its construction. If there is any criticism to offer on this book, it is one which applies equally well to all radio books I have seen to date: the fact that authors seem to think no radio book is complete unless all branches of the radio art are covered. If Mr. Cockaday really intended his book "for everyone", I think he should have confined himself to, let us say, simple fundamentals, then one practical and complete receiver and one practical radio telephone transmitter, eliminating as much as possible complicated and meaningless circuit diagrams which are quite beyond "everyone".

"Radio Phone Receiving" by nine specialists is an authentic book on radio if ever there was one written. When such scientists as Pupin, Goldsmith, Morecroft, Hazeltine, and Hogan can be induced to write of radio, we may rest assured of scientific accuracy, an essential, I reluctantly admit, lacking in many of the fifty-odd books recently published. This volume is perhaps the first of the many satisfactorily to treat radio in technical fashion without resorting to the use of mathematical formulas or other involved explanations. It should prove an excellent treatise to the general amateur and to the high school and college student. I am afraid, however, that it will be somewhat above the average citizen even though we are told that "this book presents the fascinating story of radio interestingly in a manner easily understood by the beginner and yet accurate enough for the trained expert". This happy medium is not possible in technical instruction. A radio book must

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either be designed for the absolute beginner or it must be a technical treatise to instruct further the well versed amateur or student.

A book within the understanding of your average citizen is "The Radio Pathfinder" by R. H. Ranger. We have the pleasing experience of reading the thoughts and instructions of a radio engineer with a real sense of humor and a keen appreciation of how far to delve into theory and technicalities. Moreover, an entirely new and unique style of illustration makes the volume really interesting and highly instructive. Mr. Ranger goes to the very root of radio by introducing us to King Electron who unfalteringly controls the destinies of billions and billions of electronic subjects who in turn play such an important part in the action of the radio circuit. He has handled the entire subject of radio as applied to broadcasting transmission and reception in a clear and comprehensive style. His book is a distinct departure from the customary methods of treating a technical subject and I feel certain it will be well received by the radio public. Incidentally, his illustrative analogies may well be considered as a step in the right direction for the future textbook.

A good point in favor of "Radio Receiving for Beginners" by Rhey T. Snodgrass and Victor F. Camp is that only fundamentals are considered; the authors assume that the reader knows nothing about radio. With this premmise and the happy fact that only the receiving end of radio is considered, a good groundwork is laid down for the radio enthusiast to start upon. The illustrations are more useful than those given in the average book because they help the possible purchaser to visualize the essential parts and units employed in reception. Evident care has been taken to show only types of apparatus manufactured by reliable concerns and no favoritism has been shown in the matter of presentation. I think, however, the authors could have given a few specific instances of the cost involved. This may smack of the commercial catalogue, but after all, it is a most important item to the embryo Marconi.

Although A. Hyatt Verrill naively informs us that his book "The Home Radio" "should serve as a guide to those contemplating the purchase or use of instruments, and who wish to know how to make, use or adjust wireless telephone instruments", I doubt if the average reader is going to get the story straight enough to obtain the results promised. Radio is a subject which requires a considerable amount of time and experience before one may safely venture into the writing of "how to make it" data. Perhaps my digestive apparatus was "out of tune" on the evening I read Mr. Hyatt's book, but I certainly had to grumble when I read under the chapter on transformers that "these instruments are designed to transform or change one kind of electrical current to another such as alternating current to a direct current, and are very useful and essential devices in radio telephony". Since when, Mr. Hyatt, does the transformer perform this herculean task? The average garage man and the corner bell hanger know better than this. Under "Useful Things to Remember", I am afraid the author ran short of material — there are so many obviously childish precautions given. My real complaint, however, is that some quite impossible and unscientific statements are made; these eight pages should never have been printed in their present form.

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Maurice J. Grainger's "Amateur Radio" contains considerable timely information but I should hardly call it "the only complete radio book", even with the customary advertising license. Here again is unmistakable evidence that a valiant and successful attempt was made to fill 158 pages. For instance, we are once more shown "how to make a simple crystal set (prepared by U. S. Bureau of Standards)". How they do love to use the name of this governmental department. Of course, it is quite possible that Mr. Grainger was too busy preparing his book to notice that this same Bureau of Standards article was previously published in practically every radio magazine and newspaper radio section in the country, and that in addition special booklets carrying the same story were sold by the thousands on news stands of large cities. I will gladly forgive the author for this little indiscretion, however, if he will explain to me how he expects the dear beginner to understand the various circuit diagrams shown. Arrows, coils of wire, numerals, and abbreviated technical terms, bunched together with such ponderous words as "hetrodyne", "oscillator", "potentiometer", mean nothing to the average radio enthusiast. What is needed here, as well as in other radio books, is a few similes comparing certain fundamental radio units with everyday and well known devices. For instance, if we tell the beginner that tuning a radio set to a distant transmitter may be compared to focusing a field glass on a distant object, we are getting down to conditions with which he is on speaking terms.

"The Beginners Handbook" by Murray Elliott has the right slant. It deals with fundamentals and does not waste words by introducing meaningless technical jargon. It tells how to build first, a simple crystal receiver (and how to install and operate it); second, a simple vacuum tube receiver; and third, a two-step amplifier for the purpose of loud-speaking demonstrations. The author is clear and direct and gives the cost of all items involved. The latter fact is quite timely, for the average "radioite" has a none too flexible pocketbook.

Radio for Everybody. By Austin C. Lescarboura. Scientific American Publishing Co.
The Book of Wireless. By A. Frederick Collins. D. Appleton and Co.
The Complete Radio Book. By Raymond Francis Yates and Louis Gerard Pacent. The Century Co.
Radio-Telephony for Everyone. By Lawrence M. Cockaday. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Radio Phone Receiving. By Nine Specialists. D. Van Nostrand Co.
The Radio Pathfinger. By R. H. Ranger. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Radio Receiving for Beginners. By Rhey T. Snodgrass and Victor F. Camp. The Macmillan Co.
The Home Radio. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Harper and Bros.
Amateur Radio. By Maurice J. Grainger. James A. McCann Co.
The Beginners Handbook. By Murray Elliott. E. J. Hendrickson Co.

WILD ANIMALS IN THE LIBRARY

By A. Edward Newton

THAT a middle aged book collector — who can call only the domestic animals by name with any degree of certainty; whose knowledge of trees is limited and whose ignorance of flowers is unlimited; who has no sense of smell and to whom the twittering of all birds is alike — should enjoy "Wild Folk" speaks volumes either for the dawning of his intelligence or for the charm of the book itself.

When this book was sent me to review, I said, as many another re-

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viewer has said under similar circumstances, "I shall review this book but I shall not read it". Then upon turning its pages, I said, still to myself, "I shall read this book but I shall not review it" — for the reason that it is not my kind of book: there is nothing in it about Dr. Johnson, or the eighteenth century, or anything else that I have any knowledge of. I get my pleasure indoors, whereas the author of this book gets his happiness in the open.

But after all, it is my kind of book: any book is my kind of book that I can read with delight. Mind, I cannot vouch for the truth of any one of the ten stories contained therein, but I am not asked to. When one reads a novel one is satisfied if the story gives pleasure and if it *might* be true. These stories are quite as interesting as though they were written about people: to the author wild folk are people, that is quite evident.

You, reader, may know that canvas back ducks can travel at the rate of one hundred and sixty feet per second, but I did not. I suppose that ducks, like men, are known by the company they keep, and I have usually seen canvas backs in pretty fast company, especially in cafés in New York. But one hundred and sixty feet per second is going some! However, canvas backs do it with ease, Sam says. Elsewhere he talks about birds being "anchored" in the sky. Now I maintain that's a very pretty bit of writing, and the book is full of such.

I suspect the author of having appropriated Joe Hergesheimer's palette, or whatever he gets his color-words from. He uses them very freely: as one is careless with a stolen automobile. Sam has no time for ordinary colors, such as ladies' silk stockings come in. He paints in turquoise and sapphire and amethyst and silver and gold and copper and steel and rose-red and lavender-brown and carmine-lake and gamboge-green and heliotrope. Joe flings color about as though it cost nothing; evidently Sam has taken a leaf out of his book, and I don't know that he could have done better.

Birds and animals and snakes and bugs interest Sam amazingly. He would find intelligence in June bugs, which I had always supposed had no intellect whatever. When they throw themselves on their backs and wave their feet about in the air, they have a reason for so doing, and it is up to us to discover whether their reason is good or no before we criticize them.

And the skunk. Sam says that maybe the Boche learned the secret of gas attack from this animal. He describes a brief encounter between a small skunk and a large fox, after which only one thought remained in the fox's mind, namely, air; air, fresh untainted air, preferably miles away; and he departed to find it.

If any father can read the story of the Coon Family without being a better father for the experience, I am sorry for him. And children should read this story and learn obedience to parents, which is all too rapidly going out of fashion — at least it is in my family. Among wild folk disobedience means death, and he who makes one mistake never gets a chance to make another.

While I was reading "Wild Folk" I had occasion to go to my dentist, and a thought occurred to me: is it for our sins that our teeth are so defective? The meanest animal that grows seems to have better tooth equipment than we humans have. I must ask Sam why this is: he will know.

I wonder whether there is any

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truth in the story he tells of a man who, when a Liberty Loan drive was on, bought a bond for himself and another for his dog, who wore, and seemingly with pride, a Liberty Loan button in his collar. I don't think Sam has enough imagination to make this up; he is a very close observer and must have seen it somewhere.

"Wild Folk" is a nice book to own, and to read, and to give away. But I never give a book away — 'ness it's poetry.

Wild Folk. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE MYSTERY OF JONATHAN SWIFT

By Willard H. Durham

"ONCE more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly; for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Now, because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and, if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does."

When Esther Vanhomrigh wrote thus to Jonathan Swift, she wished him to reply as he did, "You need make use of no other black art besides your ink". But beneath what was then called "raillery" there is apparent to anyone who knows her story a tragic intensity of feeling. For years she had made use of ink, much more use of it than seemed wise to the great dean; she had made use of all her charms of mind and body — and that they were by no means slight we have Swift's own word — in the effort to claim or to reclaim as her own the man whom she loved without reserve. As to these facts we need no evidence from Swift's account of the affair in "Cadenus and Vanessa", no testimony of gossiping friends or enemies. Her letters make it pitifully plain.

But what was the result? Was Swift really Jonathan or Joseph? Was he at once the husband of Hester Johnson (the Stella of the famous "Journal") and the lover of Esther Vanhomrigh; or did he never marry and never love? Did he love either or both or neither?

Such questions as these were asked during Swift's lifetime; they are still asked today. They have repeatedly been answered; but the answers have satisfied few save the answerers. There are legends galore, such as that which tells how Delany, entering Archbishop King's library, met Swift going out with a distracted countenance, and how he was told by the archbishop — whom he found in tears —"You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question". There is the melodramatic tale of Miss Vanhomrigh's letter to Stella — or to Swift — asking if the report of his marriage were true, and of his riding post haste to Vanessa's home, throwing the letter on her table, and leaving her forever without a word. And there is the pretty account of the marriage of Swift and Stella under a tree in the garden of the Bishop of Clogher. Some of us have stood under the shadow of the historic tree and even there have continued to doubt this tradition along with the rest.

But even if these tales as well as those that contradict them were true, we should still be unsatisfied. For

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we have here to do with something more than gossip about a famous man of letters; our interest is more than a prurient curiosity about events in his life which may or may not have been scandalous. If we could know the whole truth of his attitude toward Stella and Vanessa we might well have the key which would unlock the secret of the man himself. We might then hope to understand why some of his most masterly pages are disfigured by an apparently purposeless obscenity, why he was obsessed by that *sæva indignatio* which made portions of his work so terrible in their import as to encourage a belief in the absurd theory that their author was insane.

It was with great eagerness that one turned, therefore, to the volume edited by Mr. Freeman and announced by the publishers as containing "letters edited for the first time from originals". And it is with no little disappointment that one learns that, aside from ten miscellaneous letters of some interest but of no great importance, the hitherto unpublished material consists of a postscript, a letter to Miss Anne Long, a letter from Vanessa to Swift, and a note from him to her, none of them adding anything to our real knowledge of the situation. Mr. Freeman has apparently done his work with care. His access to the manuscript volume recently acquired by the British Museum has enabled him to correct certain minor errors in the transcript made for Scott. His introduction is the result of a commendable effort to avoid the pitfalls of legend and conjecture.

But although Mr. Freeman has for the first time brought together in one volume all the surviving correspondence of this remarkable pair, together with certain other material related to it, he has discovered no clue to the mystery. Perhaps none will ever be found. Swift's fear of the effect of lost or stolen letters was such as to make him write with a studied ambiguity which occasionally puzzled Vanessa and almost invariably puzzles us, so that even if the lost letters should one day reappear, they might give us no help. That which we seek may be discovered anywhere save in the letters which at once express and conceal it. But they remain one fragment of a most fascinating puzzle.

Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift. Edited by A. Martin Freeman. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

ON Fridays Edward Garnett would leave London and go out to his cottage for the week end, there to write on whatever subject made an appeal to him at the moment. Therefore his book, the first of his writings to be published in America, is called "Friday Nights" (Knopf). It is a collection of critical essays, all of them scholarly and many of them interesting. It includes his well known preface to Chekhov's "Tales" and a fine appreciation of the poetry of Robert Frost, as well as a keen though unflattering comparison of the work of contemporary English and American writers.

A gullible reading public is invited in the "Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany" (Scribner) to accept the author (?) as a saintly character of spotless purity. The reader, of course, has the privilege of exercising reservations. William Hohenzollern is painted as a "noble man" to whom war was as abhorrent as to his son. The writer, whoever he may be — for, while the narrative is written in the first person, there is no claim on the title page that the former Crown Prince is the author — completely absolves the royal family from responsibility for the war. The buck is neatly passed to others. There is no chapter on the Crown Prince's looting. Viewed as a comedy, it makes interesting reading.

One can catch huge swordfish and others of the finny tribe, and can shoot alligators with Van Campen Heilner without encountering the dangers attending such sport, through a perusal of his "Adventures in Angling" (Stewart Kidd). The author, an advocate of light tackle, almost strains the reader's credulity in recounting the taking of fifty pound fish on a line so slender one would scarcely believe it could hold a goldfish. The reel screeches its joyous tune all through the book and there are plenty of thrills.

The light loves of three generations of undergraduates have been gathered into "The Yale Record Book of Verse" (Yale). Reading these ditties, one rests assured that the rudiments of verse are being taught at Yale, and that with a young man's fancy it is always spring.

Those thousands who have eyes that never see should rejoice in the bits of beauty that characterize all of the writings of W. H. Hudson. In his fiction, he can never resist breaking away from a plot, be it ever so enthralling, to touch up his pages with passages of exquisiteness, taken from a world that to him is built of wonders. "Afoot in England" (Knopf) is not fiction, and as a result the pages are loaded with reflections of the glory of a radiant world — from the joyful pen of a man who loves his earth. He makes England seem a paradise because he sees what ordinary eyes are blind to.

A musician's life of a musician, Arthur Hervey's "Saint-Saëns" (Dodd, Mead) blends the personality with the musical career of the hero in a most attractive way. The book is sound in its knowledge and criticism. Each of

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Saint-Saëns's operas is discussed, its reception noted, and its theme briefly characterized. Upon finishing the tale of the late composer's achievements one agrees with his biographer that "he deserves well of humanity".

If you have imagined that to put up a good front was the essential thing in life you are mistaken. It's all in the back. That is — if you're to be happy and free from nerves, well exercised and economical of time and energy, make a study of your back. Gerald Stanley Lee tells you all about it in "Invisible Exercise" (Dutton). You're probably sitting down and lying down and walking as you shouldn't do at all. If this thought discourages you, the book tells you how to correct these deficiencies.

One of the first things that confronts the beginner in book collecting is the need of an authoritative guide which will tell succinctly the history and market value of all well known first and rare editions — as well as how to detect spurious copies. "The Book Collector's Guide" by Seymour de Ricci (Rosenbach) supplies this need. Terse almost to the limit of intelligibility, it is a veritable encyclopædia of "book" information for collectors, bibliophiles, and dabblers in the genteel art of browsing.

One of the most interesting nautical manuals published is Captain Felix Riesenberg's "Standard Seamanship for the Merchant Service" (Van Nostrand). This is a compilation of sea information ranging from how to tack a square rigger to a discussion on the merits of turbines and motors for passenger liners. The general tone of the book is not technical, making it possible for the average man to read it with interest. It is profusely illustrated with diagrams and photographs that are attractive enough to draw the attention of the casual reader. The volume was written, as Captain Riesenberg states in the preface, for the purpose of drawing near that time when seamen and engineers will be one crew performing their duties in rotation, ready at all times for the call of "all hands" to do a job of sailoring or engineering as the case may be.

Professional economists are becoming generally addicted to the semi-colloquial style which Professor D. H. Robertson, fellow and lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, affects in his book on "Money" (Harcourt, Brace). He is unmistakably an economist of the conservative school though he guards himself from serious criticism by not cataloguing his inferences as conclusions. The book, however, is valuable for its effort to convey to the ordinary reader some conception of the principles of thought which economists apply to problems. The copious quotations from such a disparate source — economically — as "Through the Looking-Glass", are a delight; their unerring applicability, a repeated surprise.

In "Henry VI" by Mabel E. Christie (Houghton Mifflin) we find a vivid picture of one of the most interesting if one of the most pathetic monarchs England ever produced. Against a background of warfare, corruption, and social decay, we see Henry as a singularly detached and unworldly figure, a singularly incompetent and yet lovable ruler, a man so kindly and charitable and yet so unfortunate that the author may well remark, "It was hard that he should have had to occupy a mediæval throne, for he was too

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Christian for his position and his times". Because it not only presents a careful character study of Henry, but gives us valuable glimpses of fifteenth century social conditions, the book will appeal to the student of history as well as to the general reader who desires to enlarge his field of information.

"The Swept Hearth" (Lane) reveals new depths to the talent of Amory Hare. This poet, in a volume composed wholly of subjective pieces, fails to weary. She discloses with intensity and straightforward dignity her reactions to life in a flexible and sincere technique. Clear visioned, serene, she is a relief after the querulousness, the sometimes petty indignations of other poets. One or two pieces, as "April" and "To Pan", indicate the influence of Masefield, but this rape is justified in the perfection of its offspring.

The war between realists and idealists has been, so far as the lay reader was concerned, conducted in clouds a bit out of range. He was more inclined to accept a red hot stove as a symbol of the intangible than to ask whether a thing existed apart from its qualities and his own perception of them. In "The New Idealism" (Macmillan), her first book of formal philosophy, May Sinclair has at least widened a little the field of readers of philosophy. She has brought to the work a novelist's concreteness of style, and a sense of humor which she manages to insert into a very able attack on the foundations of realism and a discussion of the reconstructed idealism of the philosophic minority.

Whoever won the war, at least the peace has been so far lost, thinks Alfred E. Zimmern in his diagnosis of "Europe in Convalescence" (Putnam). It is a masterly conducting of a clinic, detailed and far reaching. There is even a grim humor about it here and there, though the marshaled facts are anything but comic. The debacle of Socialism, the tragic littleness of Lloyd George in the face of a need to be more than national, the Russian earthquake, and the chance for a German future, all come in for some interesting probing with skilled and none too gentle instruments.

Besides those of us who enjoy humor for its own sake and those who delight in cleverly turned phrases, all afterdinner speakers, toastmasters, vaudeville headliners, confirmed punsters, and drawing room wits — in fact, all dyed-in-the-wool plagiarists — should read (and pencil) "The So-Called Human Race" by Bert Leston Taylor (Knopf). There is material enough for a thousand "humorous", "original" gags. The famous "colyumnist" was a master of quasi-serious philosophy, ridiculous rhyme, and, above all, was no respecter of persons. Even the father of the English language doesn't escape his eye. Lo! how is old Geoffrey Chaucer automobilized:

Whan that Aprille with hiss shoures soote
The droghte of March had perced to the
roote,
I druv a motor thro' Aprille's bliz
Somme forty mile, and dam nere lyke to
friz.

And as for Beethoven: "One lamps by the advertisements that the Fokines are to dance Beethoven's 'Moonshine' Sonata. The hootch-kootch, as it were." All in all, the most delicious combination of foolery and sprightly philosophy one could desire to chase away that grouchy feeling.

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In his latest book, "The Great Secret" (Century), translated by Bernard Miall, Maurice Maeterlinck gives a scholarly history of the science of the occult from the earliest memory of man. He is especially interested in the explanations of the First Cause as the various religions conceive it, and in the relation of the soul to the universe. Each chapter is the philosophy of another cult, from Egypt and India down to the modern occultists and Metapsychists. He does not attempt any original thinking but reviews the theories of other minds and finally concludes that we know as little about the "Great Secret" of existence as we ever did — which is a very good thing.

"One Man's Initiation" (Doran) is not a pleasant affair, despite the beautiful simplicity with which it is written. More than from a revulsion against the intimate glimpses of the physical devastation of war, the unpleasantness of the book comes from the once forbidden expression of mental devastation so closely related to the physical horrors. John Dos Passos wrote these memoirs before he fictionized his observations in "Three Soldiers". One is seeing the novel at a stage of its gestation, before the vitals were covered by plot. The literary workmanship is remarkably skilful as war is forced to parade in nakedness — robbed of its chauvinistic, romance-embroidered clothing.

Again there is offered a book of humorous verse by the prolific Don Marquis — this time a book which is possibly the most amusing he has yet published. It is all sheer nonsense, this "Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady and Famous Love Affairs" (Doubleday, Page), but such happy, giggling nonsense! His manipulation of adjectives is — well, it is Don Marquis at his cachinnating best.

Chauncey M. Depew should have warned the readers of "My Memories of Eighty Years" (Scribner) that there is little of his mirth-provoking afterdinner style employed in the book. That is the only disappointment that can come from it. But there is plenty to make up for the lack of that humor for which he is so well known. His conservative estimates of a long list of conservative men of politics and business are a valuable contribution to historical documents. They are far from being in the extra-dry class of so many reminiscences and there are many illuminating anecdotes that lend a sparkle here and there. He has given an honest picture of a period of American history that was none too exciting.

The central thesis of "Old Europe's Suicide" by Brigadier General C. B. Thomson (Seltzer), is that the monarchies of the Old World have taken their own lives owing to the shortsightedness of the leaders and their adherence to the policy of using civilization as "a thin veneer overlaying the most savage instincts". Although it takes the form primarily of an historical narrative, the book is written as an indictment of war and of the diplomacy that makes peace on the basis of a narrow precedent and in pursuance of motives of self-aggrandizement. The author writes largely on the basis of personal experience, his narrative has force and vividness, and he succeeds in bringing out his point clearly and convincingly.

The unaffected writing of H. M. Tomlinson in his "Waiting for Day-

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light" (Knopf) makes this collection of essays a delight. Most of the themes are connected in some way or other with the war; but the war serves mostly as a background. Description seems to be the most striking thing about the book, and Mr. Tomlinson has done it well. Philosophical snatches pop up their heads continually, but never with the dogmatic assurance that makes one fight against the author. They just appear to be looked at, accepted or rejected. You know the author won't care if you refuse them, for you feel he is just showing them because they are a part of him and so must be a part of his book.

A little book which contains some distinctive verse is "Iron Monger" (Shay) by Samuel A. De Witt. It is better, though, to begin reading it anywhere but at the beginning, for the "first's the worst of all the game". There are several other poems in which image and verse form slither to distortion, but a fair proportion of them are cleanly built, in key with their themes, and happy in their imagery.

What impresses one most in the recent deluge of economic-politic books is the seriousness with which Socialist propaganda is regarded as a menace to the peace and order of society. William H. Doughty, Jr., professor in government at Williams College, in his book "Socialism and the Average Man" (Putnam), while most meticulous in his distinctions between Socialism and allied "isms" — classing Socialism as the mildest — unqualifiedly condemns their common aim, the overthrow of the present economic system. Professor Doughty's book is not very profound, being rather a compilation of quotations from various sources. Quotations are a dubious means of presenting a case. One can refute with an equally copious flood of counter quotations.

"Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies" by Stephen Graham (Appleton) is the fruit of a literary adventure. Last summer the British political writer and our own Vachel Lindsay set out together afoot through unexplored and pathless sections of Glacier National Park, with a compass and the Great Spirit as sole guides. Written often beside some campfire at the edge of a cliff or between a forest and a waterfall, these letters, now reprinted from the New York "Evening Post", have in them the tang of the woods, the spaciousness of open heavens, the pictorial splendor of our greatest geographical boast — the Rockies — all mellowed by the genial philosophy of the Briton and vitalized by the electric personality of the Springfield poet.

Harold Vinal is indubitably a poet with genteel passion, a delicate sense of decoration, and an occasional touch of dramatic perception; yet his first volume leaves much to be desired. "White April" (Yale) is apt to weary the reader with the repetition of moods that seem so fragilely stretched that they will shatter at the touch. His crying after beauty past or for beauty to come is so prevalent as to appear almost petulant, as though there were no dignity in life but only in the intellectual representation of it. He seems to have read enthusiastically several contemporary women poets, notably Sara Teasdale and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Simplicity is the keynote in "The Great Adventure at Washington" (Doubleday, Page), in which Mark

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Sullivan tells the story of the conference in a balanced manner which retains a grasp of the significance of the world affairs discussed and at the same time illuminates the sessions by a wealth of detail. Mr. Sullivan's picture of the conference is all the more pleasing because it is in no way high-falutin.

In "Senescence" (Appleton) G. Stanley Hall reviews many recipes for growing old gracefully, some worthy of thoughtful consideration by grey-heads, others included in the book apparently for no more useful purpose than to lighten a serious problem study. Dr. Hall's advice carries weight as emanating from an authority. He advocates: Be chiefly your own physician, ascertaining through experimentation what agrees with individual health, well being, and serenity; adhere undeviatingly to rules for work, rest, recreation, eating, and drinking.

"From Gladstone to Lloyd George" by Alexander Mackintosh (Doran) is a record of the activities of Parliament in peace and war from the days of Disraeli down to the present. It is written in a vivid journalistic style that aims to make dramatic some of the climactic moments in recent British political history, and to describe those scenes that were to mean the failure or success of some important program and the political life or death of some leading statesman. Gladstone, Churchill, Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, and other men of international note are depicted realistically from first-hand observation, and are made to stand forth with a distinctness and a verisimilitude attaching only to figures seen with the eye of a contemporary.

America is advised by Robert Mountsier in "Our Eleven Billion Dollars" (Seltzer) not only that we must bid-adieu to Europe's huge debt to us but that it would precipitate chaos here if the debt were paid. He traces investment of foreign capital as the means by which America was able to start an era of prosperity following the Revolution, and urges that our eleven billions be similarly invested in European industries to prevent disaster and stabilize the world.

It is the aim of Cassius J. Keyser, in his "Mathematical Philosophy" (Dutton), to point out "some of the more essential and more significant relations between Mathematics and Philosophy". Professor Keyser contends that mathematicians are not ordinarily sufficiently acquainted with philosophy, nor philosophers with mathematics; that mathematical knowledge is essential in the realm of ideas, which in its turn is the "empire of Fate"; and that the interrelation of philosophy and mathematics should be understood by him who would master the laws of the intellect and who, accordingly, would attain to intellectual freedom. With this point of view constantly in mind, the author considers the application of mathematics to philosophy in a style necessarily not devoid of technicalities, but fitted to be comprehensible and interesting to one with a moderate mathematical training.

Music vibrates through "Poems" (Duffield), a collection of the late Gerda Dalliba's shorter writings selected from her works by her mother. Her themes leap from light lilting fantasies that tinkle blithely, to deep chords which plumb the heart's soundings.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

John Dos Passos drops out of the list of fiction in demand in June and F. Scott Fitzgerald takes his place, thus maintaining the ten per cent representation of the ultra-modern "younger set". "The Beautiful and Damned" jumps into a good position on the score, while 'Three Soldiers" seems to have exhausted its possibilities among library readers.

The record of general books in demand continues to carry evidence of the tendency to introspection on the part of library patrons. The two titles listed for the second time this month, "The Mind in the Making" and "Outwitting our Nerves", are aids to that self-analysis which is the popular literary fad of the day. As for the others, it is interesting to note how Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind" climbs toward the top of the score, although the secure position of "The Outline of History" remains unshaken—Wells's book still scores more than twice as many firsts as any other. And Mr. Bok's naive self-revelations maintain their popularity unabated.

FICTION

1.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
2.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
3.	To the Last Man	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	Brass	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
5.	Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
6.	Gentle Julia	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	Maria Chapdelaine	*Louis Hémon*	MACMILLAN
8.	The Beautiful and Damned	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
9.	Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	The Pride of Palomar	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI, LIVERIGHT
4.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
7.	Painted Windows	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
8.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
9.	The Glass of Fashion	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
10.	Outwitting Our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability, any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

Commencing with the September number of THE BOOKMAN *a series of club programs will be announced. These programs will be supplemented by essays and bibliographies on the subjects involved. Various other magazines have promised to cooperate with us in publishing correlated articles. These programs will be formed not by the editors of this magazine, but by a board of advice which is now being formed and which will include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. We believe that this service and these programs will give to our readers whether or not they be club members, a clear understanding both of the history and the present current of American writing.* THE BOOKMAN *announces also a Bureau of Lecturers, which will enable the small literary club to obtain excellent speakers at moderate rates.*

APPARENTLY the women's clubs about the country are preparing to set forth on vicarious travels this coming fall; the majority of letters asking for help in planning programs have to do with foreign countries more or less remote. Therefore we print this month suggestions to fit programs outlined by four clubs, two in Texas, the others in South Dakota and Louisiana.

INDIA

Compton, H. E. Indian Life in Town and Country. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Barnett, Lionel. Antiquities of India. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
An account of Ancient Hindustan.

Smith, V. A. Oxford Students' History of India. Oxford University Press.
Short and good.

Hornaday, W. T. Two Years in the Jungle. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The zoologist's hunting adventures.

Munson, Arley. Jungle Days. D. Appleton and Co.
The fine record of a woman physician in the jungle villages.

Noble, Margaret. Studies from an Eastern Home. Longmans, Green and Co.
Splendid for the spiritual atmosphere.

Tagore, Rabindranath. Works, in general. The Macmillan Co.

Cooper, Clayton. The Modernizing of the Orient. Robert M. McBride and Co.
Good for program suggestions.

Dickinson, G. Lowes. Appearances. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Good for program suggestions.

Programs should be supplemented by illustrations such as appear in "The National Geographic Magazine".

ITALY

Zimmern, Helen. Italy of the Italians. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Covers such subjects as travel, achievements of women, modern literature, cultural status.

Whiting, Lilian. Italy, the Magic Land. Little, Brown and Co.

Lucas, E. V. A Wanderer in Florence. The Macmillan Co.

Duff-Gordon, Lina. Home Life in Italy. The Macmillan Co.

Douglas, Norman. Old Calabria. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Maurel, A. A Fortnight in Naples. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ARGENTINE

Whitney, Caspar. The Flowing Road. J. B. Lippincott Co.
An account of canoe trips.

Mills, G. J. Argentina. D. Appleton and Co.
A general handbook.

Coester, Alfred. Literary History of Spanish America. The Macmillan Co.

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Bierstadt, Edward Hale. Three Plays of the Argentine. Duffield and Co.
Good for reading aloud, with the members taking parts. The preface gives interesting information about the native theatre.
Peck, A. S. Industrial and Commercial South America. E. P. Dutton and Co.
An excellent book, very recently published.

SCANDINAVIA

General

Leach, H. G. Scandinavia of the Scandinavians. Charles Scribner's Sons.
A sort of encyclopædia in one convenient-sized volume, with chapters on everything from history and description to cultural activities.
Anthony, Katharine. Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia. Henry Holt and Co.
Though published before the war, the Scandinavian part is still up to the mark.

Literature

Lagerlöf, Selma. The Story of Gösta Berling. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Key, Ellen. The Century of the Child. Love and Marriage. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hamilton, L. Ellen Key, Her Life and Work. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ibsen, Henrik. Collected Works. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Björnson, Björnstjerne. Arne, etc. The Macmillan Co.
Brandes, Georg. Works, in general. T. Y. Crowell Co. and The Macmillan Co.
Strindberg, August. Works, in general. Charles Scribner's Sons and G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Hamsun, Knut. Growth of the Soil, etc. Alfred A. Knopf.
Bojer, Johan. The Great Hunger, etc. Moffat, Yard and Co.
Nexö, Martin Andersen. Pelle the Conqueror. Henry Holt and Co.

THE BOOKMAN'S SERVICE FOR WRITERS

A YOUNG lady who has just been elected to that reverend body, the Poetry Society of America, wonders where she can get her verses published. "I have had poems published", she says, "by the 'Evening Sun', the 'Times', and the 'Tribune'. Is there any way I can get them in the magazines, and which publications would be likely to accept work from a poet as little known as myself? . . . Should I send one poem at a time or several to an editor?"

The only way to get your poems into the magazines is to keep on sending them around. That is the way we all have to do. You will probably find a distinct difference between the type of poetry published by the newspapers and that published by the magazines. If you can do the one you probably can do the other.

It does not matter much whether you send one or more poems to the editor, but if you have them it is good to send enough so that there is a representation of your various types of work. On the other hand it is never wise to send more than half a dozen, because it is a great bore to look through too many, particularly if they happen to be very bad. However, there is no accounting for the taste of editors.

FROM Connecticut comes an earnest and detailed inquiry as to copyrights:

"(1) If an author sells only first American rights or first serial rights, or even all American magazine rights to a publisher, with that stipulation definitely understood, and is later able to dispose of non-conflicting second rights or motion picture rights or book rights, is it necessary to obtain the permission of or to notify the first publisher?"

It is not necessary for an author to obtain permission of or to notify his first publisher provided the serial publisher is explicitly excluded from a share in the rights thus later sold and has no control over them.

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"(2) Does the general copyright covering first publication influence other rights purchased?"

It serves to protect them for the author. They should be explicitly reserved by the author and an additional copyright in the author's name can be printed at the foot of the magazine page as a further protection over and above the general magazine copyright notice. Scripts of plays and motion pictures should be filed with the United States Copyright Department for protection of these versions of the original.

"(3) If a book is sold and published, and book rights only were released by the author, is any time elapse advisable or necessary before disposing of motion picture or newspaper syndicate (second serial) rights?"

The motion picture rights can be disposed of any time before or after publication. The newspaper syndicate (second serial) rights should preferably be sold nine to twelve months after the publication of the book.

"(4) Can foreign rights be offered without notifying American publishers if American publishers understand they have purchased only American rights?"

Yes.

THE illustrator of a book for children is puzzled to know how large his drawings should be: "Of course the book has not been put into the hands of any publisher yet as we thought the drawings ought to go in at the same time."

In general we should say that it was better to submit a manuscript without illustrations to the publisher. In this case we suggest that you make one color drawing and one black and white to show the character of your work. The size will not matter, since the size of the book will not yet have been determined. You can easily see how unnecessary doing all the book's illustrations would be, and we strongly urge you not to undertake the work.

A TRANSLATOR interested especially in the modern Dutch writers wants to know the usual method of procedure with reference to translations: "Is it necessary to obtain the permission of the author or his publisher as a preliminary step, or should one first seek to interest a publisher in the possibilities of the book? In seeking to interest the publisher, should at least a portion of the translation be presented?"

From your point of view the safest course is to get authorization from the author and foreign publisher for exclusive rights for a period of six to twelve months and then try to sell them here. Or you might go direct to the publisher with a synopsis of the book that you desire to translate and a chapter of your sample work. Let him make the arrangements with the foreign author, being sure that he, the publisher, understands that you have no previous arrangement. The first method, of course, is the safest. In case the foreign author has an agent in this country, I would approach the agent and convince him of your ability to translate.

A VERSIFIER with an alarming conscience is the gentleman in Paris who consults us: "In what I write I constantly suspect that there are involuntary borrowings from poetry which I have read. I am totally unable to trace or verify in practically all instances; yet the existence of such a suspicion seems to render it inadvisable to submit work to periodicals."

Any poet with a background of much reading will occasionally find in his work echoes of that reading. Ethically, your only responsibility is your own assurance to yourself that you do not consciously plagiarize. Send your work to the editors, and let them discover whether or not anything is wrong. Plagiarism consists of the copying of an idea together with the phrasing of the original — an unconscious copying of either should not cause you worry.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Seven German Journals

WRITING on French magazines in THE BOOKMAN of April, Pierre de Lanux motivates his discussion by "supposing that we should be stranded on a desert island, with a right to receive regularly seven French periodicals, which ones should we want sent to us?" It is amazing that a man of Mr. de Lanux's Gallic sweep, clarity, and agility should drag in this hackneyed and impossible figure, hackneyed because it has been used ever since Defoe released his best seller (1719), and impossible because no man in liaison with seven Paris publishing houses could consider himself stranded.

It is time to abandon this threadbare trope, this anachronistic illustration: there are no more desert islands; radio locates them, airships reach them, and a broader philanthropy is quick to bring the potential victims to safety and plenty. Why even up at Rye Beach the *amantes* and *amadors*, the *galáns* and *queridos* who mount Bar Rock when the tide is low and build their castles unmindful of the influence of the moon on the waters, only to find themselves surrounded in time by an unwadable arm of the briny deep, have but to wave a handkerchief or a hand to bring an unfeed member of the lifeguard who, with the help of his dugout and paddle, carries them back to earth.

If a man were really stranded on a desert island the last thing he would want would be reading material: there would be enough to keep his mind busy without his having recourse to the printed page. And if periodicals were sent him, his first thought would be: how can I keep them dry so as to tie them about my loins when this suit of mine is gone? Or, have I enough of them to make a fire to boil the birds' eggs I may be so fortunate as to find? As a corollary to this thinking would be that other thought: when am I going to get away from this place?

But suppose a man were standing at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, with the New York Public library at his left and a little in front of him, with about forty-two publishing houses and book stores within bus distance, and with at least four thousand, two hundred newspaper stands made accessible by the Interborough for a buffalo nickel. And suppose this man, for some strange reason, would feel welling up in him an urge to familiarize himself with the best of modern German literature. Unless guided, he would be swamped and stumped; he would not be able to control the material; to find his way in the maze. For Germany publishes each year about six thousand books in excess of what is brought out by England, France, and the United States combined. And her literary magazines are as numerous, relatively and proportionately, as Philistines in Pomerania.

Though I dislike tables and catalogues as much as I dislike that sweetened soup the cooks of Upsala specialize in, I shall try to help the man in the above mentioned predicament by giving, in order, the title, year founded, editor, place of publica-

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tion, issues per year, and price of what in my judgment are the seven best literary magazines now being brought out in Germany:

"Das Literarische Echo" — 1898; Dr. Ernst Heilborn; Berlin; bi-monthly; 120 marks (though of course the Germans are not yokels enough to sell this admirable, this well nigh inimitable magazine in New York for the American equivalent of 120 marks, or about 38 cents, a year).

"Deutsche Rundschau" — 1874; Rudolf Pechel; Berlin; monthly; 150 marks ($4.50 in the United States).

"Der Neue Merkur" — 1915; Efraim Frisch; Munich; monthly; 72 marks.

"Westermanns Monatshefte" — 1856; Dr. Friedrich Düsel; Berlin; monthly; 14 marks a copy.

"Velhagen und Klasings Monatshefte" — 1885; Paul Oskar Höcker; Leipzig; monthly; 8 marks a copy in Germany, 50 cents a copy in the United States.

"Die Neue Rundschau" — 1889; Dr. Oskar Bie; Berlin; monthly; 6 marks a copy, with price subject to change without notice and at terms to be agreed upon by anyone wishing to subscribe in this country.

"Der Türmer" — 1898; Friedrich Lienhard; Stuttgart; monthly; 8.50 marks a copy in Germany.

As to how these magazines rank, I would no more attempt to "grade" them than I would attempt to perform a similar operation on the seven "leading" literary magazines in this country. It cannot be done fairly or intelligently, for it depends entirely upon what the reader is interested in; upon what he should be interested in; upon what he can stand; and upon the phases of literature concerning which he is least enlightened. Who contribute most, by the way, to American culture, civilization, and comfort: bankers, editors, firemen, lawyers, plumbers, preachers, or teachers? — to take them in alphabetical order!

I consciously put "Das Literarische Echo" at the top of the list, however, for it is the nearest parallel to my own undertaking. It always contains five or six leading articles written by specialists and while these are devoted mainly, and naturally, to German literature the literatures of other countries are not neglected. In the first April number for example, there is an article entitled "'Troilus and Cressida' in Prague", by Otokar Fischer, which is a veritable history of Shakespeare on the Czechish stage. And Prague — or Praha — has reason to boast of her interest in the English drama: Marlowe's "Edward II" was played on January 25 last at the National Theatre in Prague for the first time on the Continent and, it seems, for the first time anywhere since Marlowe's death in 1598.

In this same number of the "Echo" there is also an article on Russian literature by Arthur Luther in which that fair minded and exceedingly well informed critic criticizes — he does not merely review — fourteen leading Russian publications. There are also many brief reviews, all signed, as reviews should be, when possible, an admirable Belgian letter, and an equally illuminating letter from Paris. There are classified lists of new books; and there are literary advertisements without end, other than such as are imposed by the physical limitations of the forty large two-column pages that make up a number of the "Echo".

A friend — or an acquaintance — of mine who has been following, oddly enough, what I have been doing in THE BOOKMAN and "The Literary Review" for the past three years, said to me within the last month: "Where

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do you get that stuff? You refer to twenty-odd different literatures. You don't read that many languages." I certainly do not. But if I wished to give the impression of being *vigintilingual*, and to do it with but little effort, "Das Literarische Echo" and a knowledge of German are all I would need. But this is the first time I have drawn on it for one single item or note. Simply to rehash it would not be fair. I do read on the other hand the German dailies, among others, and each of the large German city papers is a literary magazine in itself. Apart from some of the New York and Boston dailies, this is a phase of civilization we have not yet introduced. To read simply the daily edition of the "Münchner Neueste Nachrichten" is to keep fairly well in touch with world literature; to read "Das Literarische Echo" is to let nothing slip by that is of real consequence.

The "Deutsche Rundschau" and "Neue Deutsche Rundschau" resemble in form and content such magazines as "The Atlantic" or "Scribner's" in that they contain, in addition to critiques, announcements, and reviews, articles on general subjects of current interest — politics, religion, science, and so on — and each makes a specialty of creative fiction, poetry, and drama. Any American editor eager for short stories, poems, and one act plays from the German need but subscribe to either of these periodicals and he will thenceforth be troubled only by the wealth of temptations. And if not satisfied even with these, let him take "Der Neue Merkur", the nearest parallel Germany offers to THE BOOKMAN. It is devoted exclusively to letters, creative and critical, is kindly disposed to poetry, and numbers among its regular contributors such writers as Heinrich Mann, author of "The Patrioteer", Alfred Döblin, Josef Ponten, and Bernhard Diebold. The latter should be approached by some American editor who wishes really good "letters from Germany".

The outstanding feature of "Der Türmer", "Westermann", and "Velhagen und Klasing", as we see magazines, is the number of colored pictures, photographs, and paintings they run. When I say quite categorically that we do not do work of the same excellence in this country I rely with unfearing confidence on the last numbers of these magazines alone to defend me and support me. The colored paintings of Oberammergau, the tints by Otto Rasch, Arthur Schlubeck, Matthäus Schieftl, Maria Ressel and others cannot, I believe, be done by "regular" American artists. It is a phase of magazine editing and publishing that would bring rich rewards, financial and spiritual, in America. "Harper's" try it once in a while, but never, to my knowledge, with German success. Either of these two — "Westermann" and "Velhagen" — is abundantly worth the price merely for the illustrations.

In my chintz chair lie a stack of other German literary magazines (presented to me by the Atlantic Book and Art Corporation) which I have not time to mention. They are more interesting — because of more pronounced personalities — than the ones I have discussed. I may return to them later, but not now. For I have endeavored to set up a number of signposts on the main road. Locating the most fetching bridle paths in the German forest of books is another task — one I should like to undertake.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

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A Letter from Italy

I AM not treating in this letter of contemporary creative literature, as I want to call the reader's attention to the most important publications issued on the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante Alighieri's death. This event has given rise to a very noble series of studies on the great poet's life, to illuminate his works further and to diffuse and keep alive his spirit forever. Writers and editors both have done all in their power to render homage to Dante's memory. As a result Italian intellectual life and current literature have been greatly influenced by this celebration.

The Società Dantesca Italiana, instead of commemorating Dante with one of those erudite and futile collections, published an "Opere di Dante" (Florence: Bemporad), the outcome of patient studies by famous Danteans such as M. Barbi, E. G. Parodi, F. Pellegrini, E. Pistelli, E. Rostagno, and G. V. Andelli, which has been followed by a national edition of Dante's works encouraged by a law passed in Parliament. There is now at last in Italy, for students of Dante, the whole "corpus" of his works in a single volume well printed and following as faithfully as possible the text. It will be infinitely better than the excellent edition of all Dante's works that the late E. Moore procured in 1895 for the Oxford press. This excellent edition of Dante's works was the result of long years of research and certainly marks an epoch in this field. It furnishes for students a work of capital importance which, if not perfectly definitive, still forms the basis of studies for either text reconstruction or exegesis.

The Società Dantesca Italiana could not have celebrated Dante's anniversary more opportunely. Not only have many solid historical and critical reconstructions been compiled on Dante, but writers have brought the great public in contact with Dante's life and his works. Among others: Giorgio Piranesi in "La Vita di Dante" (Florence: Bemporad) and Giuseppe Lipparini in "Storia di Dante" (Florence: Bemporad) have written two small volumes of pure and simple facts. On the other hand Vittorio Turri's "Dante" (Florence: Barbèra), G. L. Passerini's "Dante" (Milan: Caddeo), Alarico Buonaiuti's "Dante mostrato al popolo" (Milan: Treves), and Arturo Pompeati's "Dante" (Florence: Battistelli) are biographical and critical works which come in touch with the poet and penetrate the spirit of his verse in a preeminent manner. The most serious and noble of all these works is "Vita di Dante" by Tommaso Gallarati Scotti (Milan: Istituto Italiano per il Libro del Popolo) in which Dante's personality is admirably described as a poet, as a thinker, as a man.

Among the publications of a more strictly critical character which the Dante centenary has called forth, I will mention only a few which, for various reasons, are above the average. Such is the great Neapolitan philosopher Benedetto Croce's "La Poesia di Dante" (Bari: Laterza), a notable work for its method of enumeration but taken as a whole only a mediocre exhibition of the "Divina Commedia's" subject. A really important piece of work is a small volume by V. Spinazzola, a critic who follows Croce's footsteps in "Arte di Dante" (Naples: Ricciardi) through the exegesis of the three cantos of the "Commedia" (the seventeenth from the "Inferno", the third from the "Purgatorio", and the

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fourth from the "Paradiso"). Spinazzola in this work seeks to elucidate the characteristics of all Dante's literary art. Giuseppe Zuccante's volume, "Figure e Dottrine nell 'opera di Dante" (Milan: Treves), shows detailed aspects of Dante's literary art. In this collection of essays the most notable is the one on the philosophical symbol of the "Commedia" and on its principal source. Ezio Levi's "Piccarda e Gentucca" (Bologna: Zanichelli) gives us an excellent study of the twenty-fourth canto of the "Purgatorio"; and Pietro Niccolini's "L'amore e l'arte di Dante" (Ferrara: Taddei) treats of the psychological problem of Dante's love for Beatrice and attempts to fix the character of Dante's art in an essay on the first five cantos of the "Inferno". Ezio Flori, on the other hand, gives us a large volume on the "Idea Imperiale di Dante" (Bologna: Zanichelli) which shows great knowledge of the subject he treats. Unfortunately, however, the author is so prejudiced by his nationalistic views as to represent Dante under the most astounding colors, such as no human being ever saw him. It is better by far to follow Giovanni Livi in his "Dante a Bologna" (Bologna: Zanichelli), an exceedingly interesting volume of erudite research, which throws a new light on Dante's life and works.

Dulcis in fundo! E. G. Parodi is without doubt the best and most subtle Dantean among the Italians; to his unrivaled knowledge he adds the finest æsthetic sense. His large volume "Poesia e Storia nella 'Divina Commedia'" (Florence: Perrella) is certainly the most admirable of all the critical literature written on Dante. He has republished in this volume some of the essays which for a score of years he has written for Italian and foreign reviews. It is impossible to speak fully of this splendid book; I only hope it will find many readers, especially in other countries. In it is traced with remarkable clearness the literary art of the great poet, so that students can see their way clear and can enter into his spirit instead of merely reading Dante as an exercise. After Francesco De Sanctis, no Italian critic on Dante can compare with Parodi: his papers on "Francesca da Rimini", on the comical side of the "Commedia", on the canto of Brunetto Latini and so on, prove it.

GEROLAMO LAZZERI

French Notes

UNUSUALLY spring-like, this Parisian spring, and unusually favorable to the outdoor manifestations of Latin and Anglo-Saxon mutual curiosity. The Café de la Rotonde rings with polyglot discussions. Pilgrims from North America, bringing their style with them, are transforming Montparnasse into an extension of Greenwich Village. But the natives do not seem to care, having the rest of the city and the rest of France to grow their own traditions in.

At present, Parisians anxious to practise English conversation without leaving their home town, have a chance to do so with Frank Crowninshield, with George Middleton and Edna St. Vincent Millay (both half naturalized), with Arthur Ficke, Max Eastman, and a few other no less illustrious authors from "over there". If the French do not speak correct American after this season, you'll have to send H. L. Mencken over, or give up the task.

Visitors are taking reciprocal ad-

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vantages, and several United States citizens were present at a causerie by Paul Valéry a few days ago, on "Edgar Poe's ideas". It was a comment on "Eureka", by the man who, since Mallarmé's death, is probably the most familiar with Poe's art and thought. In the meantime, the splendid recognition now given to Valéry by all groups and all literary parties has taken the form of a collective homage, contained in a special number of the review "Le Divan". Comtesse de Noailles, Gide, Henri de Régnier, Edmond Jaloux, François le Grix, Camille Mauclair, F. de Miomandre, J. L. Vaudoyer, Vielé-Griffin, are among those who offered their tribute, and saluted Valéry as the greatest poet of modern France. A new book of collected poems by him, "Charmes", is announced to appear soon. So is a new translation of six of Poe's poems, by Mme. Lucie Delarue-Mardrus. I have seen a fragment of this translation, which is done into French poetry, surprisingly literal and very beautiful.

Connoisseurs have taken delight in the limited edition of Henry J. M. Levet's poems (Monnier) with a "conversation" between L. P. Fargue and V. Larbaud in place of an introduction. Levet was a young member of the consular corps who died in 1906 and left, among other writings, some poems entitled "Cartes Postales" of a queer exotic inspiration. Another exotic book of poems, coming from South America, "Débarcadères" (Revue de l'Amérique Latine) by Jules Supervielle, Uruguayan by origin, has provoked much attention. And Cocteau's "Vocabulaire" (La Sirène) has been received with conflicting opinions, from the severity of the "Temps" to the enthusiasm of "Feuilles Libres".

In order to avoid an accusation of onesidedness in favor of the young, I want to mention the new book of poems by Charles Le Goffic, who is the president of the Société des Gens de Lettres. Le Goffic, like Anatole Le Braz, well known to Americans, is a true and faithful son of Brittany; his poetry is sincere and often beautiful. Yet I prefer his prose, especially the narratives telling the deeds of our *Fusiliers Marins* — almost all countrymen of his — in the dunes of Flanders. His "Dixmude" remains a source of profound emotions to those who saw the Breton boys there.

The centennial celebration of a few famous writers is an occasion for good retrospective studies; there is a curious parallelism between the case of the Goncourt brothers and that of Erckmann-Chatrian. Edmond, the elder Goncourt, was born in 1822, and so was Emile Erckmann. After Erckmann's meeting with Alexandre Chatrian, the two became so inseparable that the public commonly believed their books to be the works of a single author. Just as the surviving Goncourt lost the best of his talent when his brother disappeared, so the death of Chatrian left Erckmann almost unproductive. But for a time, their Alsatian novels and especially their tales from the last Napoleonic wars, seen through the eyes of an Alsatian private soldier ("Le Conscrit de 1813", "Les Vieux de la Vielle", etc.), were very popular.

Erckmann-Chatrian were forerunners of Barbusse and of Dos Passos, and even of Baroness von Suttner, in their denunciation of "militarism". The word did not exist in their time, but their severity toward Napoleon has not been surpassed by the irritation of modern pacifist writers against old politicians who send young people to their death without sufficient motive. Yet Erckmann-

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Chatrian responded to sacred motives — "L'Invasion" is a glorification of the Alsatian peasants and citizens who rose against the Austrian invaders. These authors, like most artists who reached their maturity around 1848, cherished liberty as much as they hated "imperialism". Their followers have often confused, for the sake of demagogic simplicity, the doctrines of the great 'forty-eighters. . . . But this is no subject for us to discuss here.

New novels? I see the names of René Boylesve, of Edmond Jaloux, of Louis Artus on their covers — "Ah! Plaisez-moi" (La Nouvelle Revue Française); "L'Escalier d'Or" (Renaissance du Livre); "Le Vin de ta Vigne" (Emile-Paul). Also another work by the late Paul Adam, "Notre Carthage", with a preface by General Mangin, who was his friend: a book devoted to French African possessions.

On other parts of French colonial domain, the letters of Marshal Lyautey from Tonkin and Madagascar (Colin) during the earlier part of his career, make very exciting reading. They announce and explain later achievements of the man who succeeded Galliéni as the greatest colonial figure in France. As to his work in Morocco during the last war, it is well worth while to read Barthou's "La Bataille du Maroc" (Champion) and "La France au Maroc" by Berthe George Gaulis (Colin).

That is for France's wealth in space. Concerning her riches in time, there is a charming book on "French History Explained at the Cluny Museum" (Larousse). It is nothing but a regular catalogue. Yet it contains a collection of intelligent little notices on the origin and the evolution of each object; it sounds like an easy historical causerie on how our ancestors used (or did not use) forks and napkins, on the successive shapes taken by each piece of furniture, and many such subjects, pleasantly illustrated.

It appears that the most noteworthy books of vulgarization or semi-vulgarization of the Einstein theories in France, are shown by Borel, by Moch, by Lucien Fabre, but it is only upon John Farrar's special request that I shall give a detailed account of them.

PIERRE DE LANUX

CONSECRATION

By Winifred Welles

I GIVE my body for a willow wand,
I give my heart to hold it high forever
Over each brittle pool and oily pond.
I promise to be tall, I promise never
To bend to earth — save as the strange divining rod
That only curves for the secret steel
Of clearest water, so I too shall feel
No other magnet but my hidden god.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

IN a sheaf of clippings sent us by George Grubb from London we find many interesting things. Perhaps the outstanding event from our standpoint is the furor which seems to have been provoked by Sinclair Lewis's somewhat ill tempered remarks concerning British literature and manners. The American critics who have entered the lists have, unfortunately, proved nothing so much as their bad manners. We find Mr. Rascoe of the New York "Tribune" (a brilliant critic who occasionally allows his brilliance to obscure his taste) saying:

> Most of the British reviews, however, never miss an opportunity to speak contemptuously of American writers. All the fifth rate hack novelists and minor poets in England clamor for lecture engagements in America. And, what is more, they usually get them. They are treated with courtesy here; they go back with more money than they can earn at home in half a lifetime, and ever after they are condescending about America and about American writers, who are infinitely their superiors. The most conspicuous offender is J. C. Squire, a poet with a talent somewhat less than that of F.F.V.'s most obscure contributor and a critic who is capable only of the dullest commonplaces. He has, for some curious reason, almost a czaristic power in British publishing circles, and as the editor of "The London Mercury" he and Edward Shanks, a vapid versifier, lose no opportunity to dismiss America's very best literary offerings with demeaning epithets. . . . A salient corrective for this sort of thing would be for us all to stay away in great numbers from the lectures by the next boatload of British poets.

Now that is not only impudent and imprudent but untrue. This is not the place to open an argument as to Mr. Squire's abilities. His "The Stockyard" in the June "Mercury" proves to us that he is a poet. But, while there have been visiting English poets whose manners and lecture abilities have been questionable, it so happens that Mr. Squire came to this country at large expense to himself, made a very quiet and personal tour, spoke in only a few places and for small fees, and has shown himself genuinely impressed by our best writers. No periodical has been stronger in its emphasis on American writing than THE BOOKMAN; but when American critics wield bludgeons they must expect to raise bumps on heads, and to draw blood. This sort of querulousness cannot aid the sale of American books in England, nor decrease their sale in America, and it can do much to impair the cordiality which exists among English men of letters (whether American or British). Shane Leslie's reply to Sinclair Lewis has already been republished in this country; but we should like to quote again the opening paragraphs:

> It is a little difficult to distinguish whether Mr. Sinclair Lewis's literary bomb is intended to burst in Main Street, U.S.A., or in Grub Street, W.C. Is it meant to repay a year's hospitality on this side and possibly avenge slighting criticism among Englishmen, or to create a patriotic sensation among the great people who have made him "a best seller", perhaps the most democratic ticket that can be attached to a man, though literature is intensely aristocratic? In the long run the best, and the best writers only, must rule the mind of man.
>
> At any rate, whether he has found too much ice in English manners or not enough in his water-bottle, he is very angry. It is difficult to say which is worst in his interview, his temper or his English. Literary controversy can be conducted without using "pep" or "darn literary".

There is a group of poets in the south, growing steadily. In fact,

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there seems to be a group of poets in every state and section of the country "growing steadily". Group consciousness is a dangerous influence in letters, but we have always had it and always will. Its danger lies in hindering the development of those talented persons in a group who are subjected to the rigors or the charm of some one dominating personality. However, this seems to have nothing to do with the interesting poets of the Carolinas; for Du Bose Heyward, Hervey Allen, Beatrice Ravenel, and others stand out equally. Hervey Allen writes us that he and Du Bose Heyward have just completed a book on the Carolinas, narrative and descriptive verse. It seems a novel and an attractive plan. "John Bennett", he writes, "who wrote 'Master Skylark', one of the books of my youth, lives right across the street. He is full of endless tales of romance, negro lore, and strange bizarre things. He and his family keep open house on a street with many gardens where all are kin, so there is never the necessity to be lonely and always the possibility of it if you desire to be."

May magazines have a fair amount of good verse. Those that appealed to us were "Suicide" by Winifred Welles (Measure); "Longing" by Clement Wood (Voices); "The Philosophers" by Robert Graves (Harper's); "Bloom" by Alfred Kreymborg (Dial); "I said to Beauty" by Edna St. Vincent Millay (Vanity Fair); "Epitaph" by Elinor Wylie (New Republic); "Memory" by Louise Bogan (New Republic).

Gene Markey has by no means exhausted the supply of Chicago's men of letters. His fourth interview has to do, not with a novelist, but with

CUTHBERT THE CRITIC

I found Cuthbert Coggleshell, the literary critic, busy at his typewriter before a desk piled high with new books. Cuthbert Coggleshell, as everyone knows, is the man on whose dicta thousands of interested readers hang each week. Forsooth, it has been said (maliciously) that he even hangs *himself* on some of his critical opinions. But no matter.

"Sir," I ventured; "I have come to discuss with you the business of being a critic."

"That subject", he answered cheerily, "shouldn't be discussed above a whisper."

Cuthbert Coggleshell

"No one can hear us," I assured him. "Tell me — what is the real

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difference between a critic and a reviewer?"

"Well", said he, "about two dollars and a half."

"Now", I pursued, "a question of professional ethics: do you think a critic is inclined to treat more than kindly the books brought out by a firm which occasionally employs him to write introductions to their publications?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the great man. "There are tricks to every trade, as Matthew Arnold once sagely observed."

"Another thing," I went on. "It is common gossip around the Algonquin and the Coffee House that Bunyan and Cervantes turned down the manuscript of your book. Is that, by any possible chance, the reason why you denounce so roundly all Bunyan and Cervantes publications?"

"Ask me something hard!" grinned Cuthbert Coggleshell.

"What are your favorite terms in describing a book?"

" 'Tripe' is one of my pet anathemas. 'Cheese' is another. I always use one or the other."

"How do you feel about the Scandinavian writers?"

"Not so well."

"I mean — what is your attitude toward them?"

"Why", said he, "haven't you ever heard my famous quip, upon seeing a publisher's fall list that was crowded with 'em —

> "'The melancholy Danes have come
> The saddest of the year.'"

I laughed politely. Coggleshell roared. Indeed, when I rose to go he was still chuckling appreciatively. No one, I believe it is safe to posit, enjoys Cuthbert Coggleshell's pleasantries as does Cuthbert Coggleshell himself.

"I don't see", I remarked, indicating the stacks of new volumes on his desk, "how you ever manage to read —"

"But my dear fellow", he exclaimed, instantly serious, "I never *read* the books!"

"*No?*" I gasped.

"No, indeed. I don't have time — I'm much too busy writing about them!"

The second dinner of the P.E.N. was, we thought, more entertaining than the first. Near us were Mrs. George Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), Louis Untermeyer, Constance D'Arcy Mackay, Dorothy Speare, Will Irwin, Hildegarde Hawthorne, Milton Raison, and Howard Irving Young. Among other things we learned that Mr. Untermeyer delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Tufts University and that the first moving picture of a new company is to be Mrs. Riggs's "Timothy's Quest". Only the other day we were rummaging through our library shelves and stumbled on the red and green (bright, too) copy of that story which was one of our favorites. What dirty thumbs we must have had a few years back. It is vastly illuminating at these dinners to hear authors comparing notes on their experiences with the moving pictures. We have been interested lately in the efforts of a group of recent Yale and Princeton graduates to form a company of their own. They have been successful. Their first feature picture (with the talented Glenn Hunter), "The Cradle Buster", is still being shown in New York. It is not surprising that when intelligent people seek the movies we may hope for success with less outlay of finance. Two of the prominent members of the new company are former presidents of the Yale Dramatic Association. This seems to us

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an interesting development. Rex Ingram, the director of "The Four Horsemen", is said to have been graduated from Yale, and Richard Barthelmess, the screen star, from Trinity. For the first time, that evening, we met Viola Roseboro, who is again on the staff of "McClure's Magazine". It was she, you remember, who from a mass of manuscripts in the old days fished out O. Henry, Jack London, and others then unknown. For the first time, too, we met John Macy, the critic, a gentleman with a dry smile and a cynical tongue, and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, vividly of the family Roosevelt.

For one terrible week we completely lost our interest in books. That will never do, we thought. We must find something to stimulate an interest in reading. We found it. It was dancing! Dancing put us back on our intellectual feet, so to speak. It all happened because the Authors' League decided to hold a "Fête Champêtre", whatever that is! It took place in the huge swimming pool at Madison Square Garden. There was dancing over the water, gondolas on the water, and swimming in the water. We saw Nina Wilcox Putnam, clad in a flaming Spanish shawl, Jesse Lynch Williams, president of the League, in a box, Margaret Severn as a ballerina, Alice Brady as a green feather. All very handsome. Sinclair Lewis told us that he was about to take up his residence in the middle west. Courageous man. Floyd Dell introduced us to his wife, who dances exquisitely (costume, green bathing suit). We have been dancing steadily since. We find "Clover Gardens" a particularly entrancing spot, cheap and cool, two prime requisites. After dancing ourself to the proper pitch we go to our home, take a shower bath, and read — read for hours. It's a good prescription, and you might follow worse. We found John Dos Passos one night recently sitting in his room on Washington Square reading fragments of Menander in the original Greek. This seemed a pity, so we suggested attendance at the first night of "Strut Miss Lizzie" at the famous National Winter Garden on East Houston Street. (This Creole show has since found its way uptown.) Nothing, however, can equal "Shuffle Along" in the way of Negro revues. Later we discovered what a zimbaloon is, and listened for hours to Muskovitch playing Rumanian folk songs on it while Barney Bernard, at a table near by, ate cheese cakes and looked not at all like Potash, or Perlmutter, as the case may be. By the way, "Partners Again" is by far the most entertaining show of the season, as "From Morn to Midnight" is the most thrilling! It is odd that a piece of German expressionistic writing can have at once such startling and such artistic qualities. The first night of the new program of Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" was a gala affair, what with the Misses Gish, Laurette Taylor, and half the publicity world there (the other half was at the opening of the Ziegfeld "Follies"). They would have done better to see the "Chauve-Souris"; for the second performance is even better, in our opinion, than the first. Such charm, such grace, such verve. We can only say that we hope it goes on forever. We saw Arthur Brisbane for the first time that evening. A quiet man in appearance — strange that he should own so busy a pen. The first night of the "Pinwheel" revue was mixed with pain as well as pleasure, for hisses at an opening night are unusual, but there were moments of

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far greater beauty than the incomparable Mr. Ziegfeld has ever shown in a summer show.

Martha Hart, in a bookish lyric in the Des Moines "Register", has something to say of the modern novel. We have always wanted to see a bookish musical comedy. If it is written, we nominate Miss Hart to write at least one of the lyrics. One of the characters of this comedy should be a book review editor. The scene should be a padded cell, and his plaintive song, "Oh! I'm just mad about reading, and"—we'll let Miss Hart finish it. Here is her "Literary Love-Song":

If we were two characters, dear, in a book,—
A modern young Realist's novel,—
I'd know we were meant, dear, for dull discontent, dear,
Though home were a palace or hovel!
I'd know we would yearn to the very last page,
Through paragraphs sordid and hot;
Yes, suffer and pine to the very last line
For something,—we'd never know what!

If we were two characters, dear, in a book
Built all on the up to date plan,
I might not be true for a lifetime to you;
I've noticed few heroines can!
But though we would quarrel and suffer and sin
And grieve and dissemble and fall,
And lose every friend,—when we'd get to the end,
Why, nothing would happen at all!

But since I am real, dear, and you are the same,
I somehow expect to be gay,
And live out my life as a flesh-and-blood wife
In rather a natural way—
And though it's an Early Victorian thought
Devoid of the up to date gleam,
I really do feel, dear, quite glad that I'm real, dear,
Instead of some Realist's dream!

If he were clever enough, we have often thought that a man might make a good living by entering prize contests. We once heard of a man who did—but those were dancing contests. Here are a few of a more serious nature: Kenyon College offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on "Gorgo, A Romance of Old Athens" by Charles K. Gaines, written by a student of any college or university in the United States or Canada. Each contestant must submit, through the head of the English department of his own institution, three typewritten copies of his essay, which must not be more than four thousand words in length and must reach the address "Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio" not later than December 1, 1922. Then there are the three E. A. Karelsen prizes of one thousand, five hundred, and two hundred and fifty dollars, announced by the American Economic Association for the best essays on "The Relations of Capital and Labor". No strict limitations are fixed as to the phases of the problem which may be treated, but it is expected that the subject matter will contain a working plan for the division of earnings of an industrial plant of small or moderate size. The competition is open to any American citizen. Essays should be submitted in typewritten form on or before September 1, 1922, to the secretary of the American Economic Association, Yale Station, New Haven. Each is to be signed with a pseudonym, which should also be written on a sealed envelope containing the real name and address of the writer. No definite length is prescribed for the essays, but each should constitute a small monograph of some thirty to one hundred pages (7,500 to 25,000 words). To encourage the young novelist, Harper and Brothers are offering a prize of two thousand dollars (in addition to the ordinary terms of royalty) for the best novel submitted to them for pub-

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lication before March 1, 1923. Any author is eligible who is an American citizen, and who has not published a novel in book form prior to the beginning of the war. So, critics, economists, novelists, to your Coronas!

We met Claude McKay, the young Negro poet, lately. He is the author of a recent volume, "Harlem Shadows", and is dramatic critic for "The Liberator". A soft-voiced West Indian is Mr. McKay, with graceful gestures and somewhat poetic clothes. He was just about to start out on a walking trip with Pierre Loving. They plan to tramp from town to town reading their respective poetry. Speaking of tramping, young Mr. Zimmerman, recently of Chicago University, walked all the way from that town in order to spend four days in New York City interviewing certain men of letters. Some of them treated him well, some did not. After introducing a certain editor to the intricacies of New York dance halls, he returned to his native town, sadder and wiser, we suppose, concerning the ways of the literary. We never realized how many books by Negroes and books about Negroes there were, until we visited George Young of Young's Book Exchange in his Harlem home recently. Mr. Young told us many interesting things concerning the past glories of the coach and four. Now he is a Pullman porter, but he refuses to tell anecdotes of the rails, for he considers it his duty to see and forget, or perhaps *not to see*. However, once on a time he traveled all the way from New York to Canada to mix a salad for the Duke of Connaught. That fact is not so important, however, as that he showed us autograph letters of Dumas (whose father, a Negro, was a general under Napoleon); first editions of Phyllis Wheatley (the first American poetess, a Negro slave in a Boston family); mementoes of Toussaint

Claude McKay

L'Ouverture; an unpublished poem of Paul Laurence Dunbar's; and many pictures of great members of his race. A remarkable man, kindly, intelligent, stalwart, humorous, and as well known to collectors as he is to his patrons on the rails.

Charles Edward Russell, whose book, "The Outlook for the Philippines", was recently issued, takes with a grain of salt some of the South Sea literature that has been flooding the market. Russell's idea seems to be that the South Sea writers ought to quit romancing about those interesting islands and write realism about them. Sitting on the porch of his summer cottage at a place with the mellifluous name of Waukazoo, on the shore of a little lake in Michigan with the still more mellifluous name of

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Macatawa Bay, within sight of a little city with the old European name of Holland, he discussed the South Seas with a charm that some of the romancers might envy, and that without sentimentalizing the natives. Russell has come into close touch with life on a number of the South Sea islands and he has the somewhat unique merit of knowing what he is talking about. Interest in the South Seas runs in the family: John Russell, author of "Where the Pavement Ends", a collection of South Sea stories that went through several editions in London last year, is Charles Edward's son. "The Outlook for the Philippines" was written last summer at Waukazoo, after a stay of six months in our island possessions. While the same kind of romancing that has been going on about the South Seas has not been indulged in about the Philippines, there has been plenty of a different kind — statistics and alleged facts that are in reality romantic fiction, according to Russell. He wants the American people to become realists in regard to the Philippines, and he has the interesting habit of pricking bubbles that have been issuing from the pipes of statistical romancers.

A group of entertaining letters from California Penwomen have floated into the shop. At Los Gatos, Pauline Hunt writes, they are about to produce Wilbur Hall's "Pageant of Fulfillment", with Grace Hyde Trine, Kathleen Norris, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, and others assisting, and she tells us the following interesting anecdote of a San Francisco rare book collector and publisher, John Howell. She says that she suspects him of being nearly seven feet tall; furthermore, she admires the breadth of his shoulders.

I was glad to tell him about having quite by accident discovered a wrinkled and frayed map, originally executed by Captain Fremont of the early California, Oregon, and Washington expeditions under the orders of Colonel J. J. Albers, chief then of the topographical bureau at the White House.

Professor L. C. Medberry, an early educator and collector in Wisconsin, came into possession of the map and others equally interesting. His widow lives in Los Gatos and has preserved the maps. The other day Mr. Howell secured the Fremont map but the gold trails on linen were not purchasable.

"I can't let them go," said Mrs. Medberry with a slight tremor in her voice. "They are associated with a pack of letters written in the days of '49." And so a locked treasure chest holds one more plot for a western novel. Who wants a collaborator?

Mr. Howell knows value when he sees it. It will be remembered that it was to John Howell that John Gibson's grandson went not long ago, with a packet of Sir Walter Scott's letters. It was by this freak of chance that Hugh Walpole became the proud owner of a literary treasure hunted many years — the letters of Scott to his lawyer John Gibson, in the most trying times of his career. The story of this sale is contained in a neat pamphlet entitled "Fortitude" which was published by John Henry Nash of San Francisco in 1920.

We arrived in Buffalo, a short while ago, with no voice left at all in our throat or wherever it is the voice resides. We tried to think of something to do about it. We sought, for the first time in our life, a turkish bath. After a proper pommeling we emerged with a voice. We like Buffalo. We found this audience, and the one to which we talked in Evanston, Illinois, the most stimulating of our recent trip. They disagreed with us so thoroughly. It was all quite pleasant and we learned a lot about what people are thinking or aren't thinking about books. We met Florence Kilpatrick Mixter, the charming author of "Out of Mist", and Demetra Kenneth Brown, whose articles on the East have been so widely read and whose lectures in this country are so popular. Mrs. Kenneth Brown is a native Greek, and she analyzes American

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writing with a keenness and an understanding of ultimate values that only a direct offspring of classical culture could possess. However, she seemed much relieved to learn that many of our friends and even ourself had a certain respect for classical literature, to say nothing of a real enthusiasm for Greek tragedy. Dartmouth College was a surprise to us. We think it an ideal place in which to be educated, with mountains all about, with no cities near enough to cloy, and with an undergraduate type which is healthier in appearance than that of any other college we have visited. There are many interesting things at Dartmouth, among them the new undergraduate literary magazine, Harold Rugg's autograph collection, and the housing of non-athletic activities. The latter strikes us as an admirable plan for any college — a Little Theatre, offices for the editors of the various publications, for the dramatic club (a most luxurious suite), for the French Circle (resplendent with enough gilt to make any Parisian feel at home), and the rooms of the Arts Club, an organization somewhat like the Elizabethan Club at Yale or the Freneau Club at Princeton. The critical logarithm table has found its way to Dartmouth, with a comparative faculty and undergraduate rating of forty topics in the "Bema". It is a curious comparison. The faculty found light wines and beer worth + 12.3; while the undergraduate appreciation reached only + 8.3. The faculty's appreciation of the Phi Beta Kappa honor was only + 17.9, while the undergraduates found it + 20. We enjoyed the members of the Dartmouth Arts Club, but were surprised to find their chief literary enthusiasm, and apparently a very genuine one, the works of James Branch Cabell.

Fred Lockley sends us more stories of Oregon's writers:

Anne Shannon Monroe, author of "Happy Valley", a book that describes the experiences of a homesteader in eastern Oregon, comes by her love of the Oregon country naturally. She is a great granddaughter of George Shannon, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

"My childhood dreams", said Miss Monroe, "were colored by the tales of these pioneer explorers. Particularly was I fascinated by the story of Sacajawea, the Indian woman who acted as their guide. I spent my girlhood on the plains near Yakima in Washington. There I learned to love the tang of the sage brush and the wild rides over hills and plains on Indian ponies. I went to the State University at Seattle and from there went back to try my fortune in Chicago. My first book, 'Eugene Norton', was published in 1900. I did newspaper work on the Chicago 'Tribune' and the 'Daily News', and edited a small magazine. From Chicago I went to New York City, where I began selling stories to 'The Saturday Evening Post', 'The Ladies' Home Journal', 'Good Housekeeping', and other magazines. I spend half my time in my studio in New York City. The other half year I put in jogging about the northwest, seeing new beauties and new wonders every time I come back. I am living in my bungalow at Woodstock near Portland, writing another book about the eastern Oregon cattle lands. I am afraid my teachers did not predict a very bright future for me, for I was not much of a student. I was a dreamer.

"What is my recipe for writing? Study and live. I go in for anything that promises adventure. One must have, too, a passion for work and a willingness to isolate one's self for months at a time while writing. The price of success in authorship often means loneliness and self-denial — going to bed early when there are interesting people about, missing interesting shows, and conserving one's strength, keeping one's thoughts centred on the work in hand. To succeed, you must sacrifice many things to the one need, but there is joy in the reward. That comes when you begin to feel a mastery of technique and you are conscious of doing good work — when you realize that you are writing things worth saying, things that need to be said; when you realize that you are saying them so that your readers will get your meaning and respond."

Just before we arrived in Chicago, Jim Tully was there; just before we returned to New York, he had sailed

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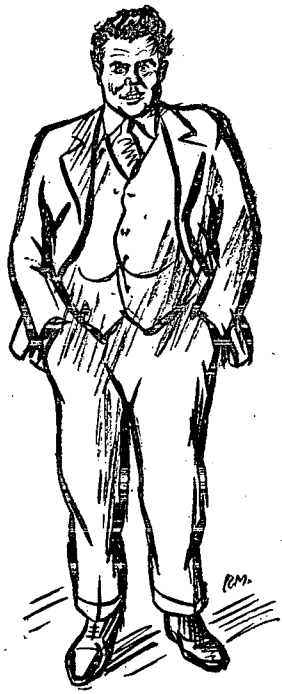
for Italy; so we missed this prize-fighter novelist who, we hear, was "looking for us" because he did not understand the review THE BOOKMAN published of "Emmett Lawler". Well; whether or not he liked the editor's review, we liked his book, and we liked it better after we heard that he had red hair. (We are partial to red hair.)



Jim Tully

Elliot Paul, whose "Indelible" has seemed to us one of the best first novels of the year, has had a picturesque career. Of recent years, he was a reporter; now he has given that up for his writing. But here are three paragraphs that have sent restlessness pounding through our veins this morning:

The life began to tell even on his robust health and one evening he chucked his job, walked into the railroad station, shoved his pocketbook through the wicket, and asked for a ticket as far as his money would take him. Chance or fate took him westward but when his ticket expired, somewhere west of Omaha and east of San Francisco, his gipsy instinct told him that that was not the place, so he "hopped" a passing freight train and went on westward, as far as Pocatello, Idaho.

His impulse proved wise, for at Pocatello he ran into a man who was destined to make a deep impression on his life — one Oscar Rydvall, a vagabond genius of the violin. The two men played in saloons for a grub stake, finding a welcome everywhere. Their faces were still turned westward, and hearing that the government was about to build a dam at Jackson Lake, Wyoming, they set out on foot, a distance of several hundred miles. After incredible adventures they found themselves in a construction camp at Moran, Wyoming, in the heart of the Teton Mountains, just in time to be snowed in until the following April.

Thus began three years of close companionship between violinist and pianist. Paul and Rydvall wandered from town to town and from camp to camp. Sometimes they shoveled, sometimes they fiddled; if luck was with them Paul got a job as instrument man. They went from mountain to desert to plain. They became friends with homesteaders and cowpunchers, with bad men and good fellows. Most of all they become familiar with the human drama enacted in construction camps.

We met Arthur Guiterman, the genial rhymester, on the street the other evening. He looks as gay as ever, and so are his "Rhymed Reviews" in "Life" and his verse wherever it appears. His Longfellow parody, written after his first experience recently at talking over the radio from the Westinghouse Receiving Station, Newark, New Jersey, has already been widely quoted, but it's worth repeating again, particularly if you haven't seen it.

I breathed a song into the air;
That little song of beauty rare
Is flying still, for aught I know,
Around the world by Radio.

And speaking of radio, what's to become of us? From a second story window opposite the Grand Central Station projects the horn at the other end of which, we suppose, is a radio amplifier. Each day, it blares its

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tinny messages at us. It makes us uncomfortably conscious that even as we are walking to work or to lunch there are, floating about our ears, such alien influences, say, as Eddie Guest reciting his poems, or Mr. Edison delivering wise words concerning electricity. What if something untoward were to happen to our ears so that they would be tuned to the proper wave length. Only think of it — no protection against hearing Bed Time Stories and the latest jazz! Nevertheless, we did it — lectured for the broadcasting station, that is. We were frightened, but the rigors of the experience were somewhat mitigated by the presence of a delightfully animated young gentleman who arranges the programs, takes care of visiting celebrities, and makes the announcements. Thomas H. Cowan has more tact in his least gesture than most men summon to their assistance during their entire lives. After we had finished talking he showed us the roof, with its elaborate mechanism, then regaled us for at least an hour with stories of temperament. Think what it must be to deal with opera singers, poets, editors, preachers, and what not from morning until night day after day. "And the language they sometimes use. You wouldn't think it!" was his closing remark. Only let it be remembered that he can always press the button and it will be broadcasted. How entertaining an opera singer's vagaries of speech might be to several hundred thousand of listeners!

Bertrand L. Shurtleff of the class of '22 at Brown University, is a football player of note, an ex-sailor, and a rhymster. Entertaining combination. We should like to meet Mr. Shurtleff. He has recently published a volume of verses called "Songs at Anchor" in which some of the ballads have a good swing. It looks to us as though his verses might soon be adorning the sport page of a good paper, *à la* Grantland Rice. Here's a sample—the last stanza of a ballad:

We were twelve hours off the Azores
  When the hooker sprung a plate
Some two hundred miles to leeward
  When we felt the hand of fate.
In a nasty bit of sea-way
  One big comber bashed her in,
For the rust had eaten through her
  Till her paint was just a skin,
And her plates gave way before it
  Like a piece of canning tin.
So we're anchored in an offing
  Known as Davy Jones's slip,
Underneath the Gulf Stream waters
  Where the currents surge and rip,
And I leave one word to sailors,
  "Jump, when rats desert a ship!"

The Bacon Society of America has organized. In fact, it organized on May fifteenth. We are late in announcing the fact; but after all, it might be said that the society is late in organizing. We are glad to reprint the secretary's own account:

The Bacon Society of America was organized and held its first general meeting in New York City at the rooms of the National Arts Club on Monday, May 15.

As stated in the preamble to the constitution and by laws adopted at this notable gathering, its purpose is "to promote friendly intercourse and an exchange of views and information between open minded lovers and students of literature and allied liberal arts, with special reference to the life and works of Francis Bacon and his contemporaries, and their relation to the Renaissance movement and our own times".

In this age of marvelous progress in the knowledge of Nature's laws and the consequent startlingly rapid succession of amazing discoveries and useful inventions, it seems most fitting that an association of scholars and laymen like this, recognizing the incalculable debt which mankind owe to the prodigious genius and indefatigable labors of the world's greatest modern philosopher, Francis Bacon, should be permanently formed to study his life, works, and influence.

Bacon professed openly that he had taken all knowledge for his province, and would

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attempt or at least begin the rebuilding of the Temple of the Sciences from the bottom up. Ben Jonson, one of his literary helpers, has said in his "Discoveries" that "he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language". The study of such vast activities must, therefore, necessarily embrace wide and varied fields. It must include also the lives and works of contemporaries and predecessors both in England and in Continental Europe, and, indeed, for proper appreciation, a survey of the history of civilization. Bacon's connection with the Shakespeare plays and poems, a matter for much needlessly heated and blindly partisan controversy, has already been the subject of unprejudiced research by various members of the Society. This will undoubtedly be continued in a more far reaching and thorough way than heretofore pursued in some quarters. It should be also of particular concern to Americans to become better acquainted with Bacon's part in the planting and promotion of the earliest British colonies in North America; because, though it is not generally known, he assisted in preparing the 1609 and 1612 charters of the Virginia Company for the signature of King James I of England, and as a member of its Council always lent a helping hand.

The Bacon Society of America intends to hold meetings from time to time for the reading of papers, discussions, debates, and other appropriate entertainment, and also to publish in periodical or other form such deserving essays and books by members and others as fall within the scope of its work.

Its organizers are well aware that there already exist here and there in our land other learned bodies following similar aims with considerable success; but on account of the great number of scholarly, professional, and generally cultured persons, widely scattered, who are deeply interested in such instructive pursuits, it was felt that a Bacon Society of national distribution, affiliated and united with local societies, was much needed and could not fail to win strong support.

The officers of the Bacon Society of America are: Willard Parker, President; George J. Pfeiffer, Ph.D., Vice President; Dr. Robert Grimshaw, Treasurer; Millard F. Bird, Secretary.

In "The Bookseller and the Stationery Trades' Journal" of London, we find the following sentence in an article: "Heywood Broun, to whom Mrs. Asquith refers in her forthcoming book on America, is America's foremost literary critic." Well! Well! Hear! Hear! At any rate, Mr. Broun's latest book of essays, "Pieces of Hate", having just appeared, he has turned to writing a novel. It will be called, we hear, "The Boy Grows Old". We have even seen the room in which it is being written. Instructions had been given by the author that no one should arrange things in that sacred place during the writing of this sacred story. Accordingly, it looked just as though no one had. There is, however, a certain picturesqueness, not to say fascination, in disarray when it bears the disarming impression of genius.

"When Harold Bell Wright Was a Plumber" is the head written for this note sent us by Elizabeth Palmer Milbank of Chillicothe, Missouri:

Harold Bell Wright was once a plumber in Lebanon, Missouri. Lebanon people report him as being a "tireless, inquisitive, and pleasant workman, a congenial citizen and a friend to everyone the country round." At that time he preached in the Christian church on Sundays and his broad interpretations and sympathetic outlook on life brought great numbers to hear him. It was during his ministry in Lebanon that he wrote his first novel, "That Printer of Udell's", isolating himself for hours at a time to write. But eastern publishers couldn't see the merits of the book and it was returned "with thanks" until Wright was completely discouraged. A physician friend came to the rescue, took Wright to Chicago to see a big publisher there in person, paid all expenses, and, being what Missourians term "well heeled", took seven hundred dollars with which to have the book published in case the publisher proved obdurate. But said publisher knew a good thing when he saw it and decided to bring out "That Printer of Udell's", refused times without number but said now to have gone through editions totaling several million copies. Many of the characters around which Mr. Wright wove his themes are still living in Lebanon. One character which he used several times as philosopher and wit is Clyde Barrows, a cripple and poor, who stands well in the community because of his cheerful philosophy, his perseverance, and notorious wit. He figures most largely in "The Calling of Dan Matthews".

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